THE SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY

VOL. I JULY, 1909 No. 2

WHAT TEACHERS DEMAND IN SUPERINTENDENTS

1. A. E. CARTER

I CONSIDER that the most important requisite in a superintendent is that he shall have the right personality. If he does not possess this qualification, no matter how good his intentions, no matter how strenuous his work, results will be unsatisfactory, and in all probability his reign will end in failure. Thus at the outset I must state what I consider the essential personal qualifications required in a successful school leader.

It is irritating on entering school to find that the superintendent has not realised that 'Punctuality is the politeness of princes.' Hours of life are wasted through lack of promptness. If the school does not regularly begin on time, scholars very naturally acquire the habit of coming late. Uncertainty grows as to the hour at which school will commence, and the slackness created generally leads to slackness in other directions. It should be remembered that it is just as essential to end promptly as it is to be punctual at the commencement. It is exceedingly irritating to have arranged to meet a friend after school, and then find the superintendent 'improving the occasion' regardless of the fact that the hour of closing has passed. This one weakness may ultimately lead to the ruin of the discipline and, consequently, to the loss of scholars. Thus I consider that it is absolutely necessary for the superintendent to be *punctual*. This does not merely apply to the opening and closing, but likewise to the beginning of all meetings in connection with the school.

A superintendent must be a person whom we can admire and respect, a person who in spirituality and character we naturally feel to be our superior. It does not follow from this that he must be blessed with an abundance of wealth, that he should be intellectually above the teachers. But unless he be a person to admire and in some degree worship he will not secure the necessary influence over teachers and scholars that is essential for leadership. Also he must be of a cheerful disposition. Cheerfulness is a tremendous aid to successful leadership. Robert Louis Stevenson truly put it that 'A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.' All through the school the superintendent should be extremely careful to lead, not to drive. With tact he can, in nine cases out of ten, obtain his own way. A leader must be able to see good in others, and having secured a good idea from one of his colleagues he should willing adopt it, taking care to acknowledge and commend the inventor. To do this he must hold no extravagant opinion as to his superiority. If he does, he is certain to be an alien to his staff, become a source of dissension, and, finally, be deprived of his office. Then a leader must be a man of courage. When a difficulty or misunderstanding arises let him face it boldly, and not put off the evil hour. Thus far I have dealt with the superintendent's personality. Now let us consider what acts of government and leadership a teacher requires from him.

Every superintendent worth his salt will be sufficiently early at school to give a hearty welcome to each member of his staff. Of course, it goes without saying

that he knows them personally and is acquainted with their names. During school hours he should visit each class, giving a kind greeting to any new comers and making sympathetic enquiries about any pupil who is, or has been, absent through illness. Above all he should avoid scolding and grumbling at a class, scholars hate it. They would much prefer a flogging. From time to time he should visit his teachers at their homes, and, particularly in time of sickness or other trouble, show his sympathy and desire to help by personal visitation. If possible it is well for him to have all his staff at his own home once a year. The more he becomes a personal friend of his teachers the more good work and loyal co-operation will he receive from them.

I quite agree with the contention in the last issue of the QUARTERLY, that he should from time to time induce each member of the staff to open and close school. If he keeps all the duties of honour to himself he will find that the staff will not consider him modest and anxious to help others; and in time he will be looked upon as covetous of power, not free from disinterestedness. Neither do we expect him to, nor consider it wise that he should, hold all the chief positions of management. It is far better that these various positions should be distributed and from time to time change hands. Some superintendents have such a greed of power that they overreach themselves; they have somehow got it into their heads that only they can fill these positions. As soon as a person has arrived at this conclusion—no matter what post he holds—he becomes a weakness to the institution he is trying to serve. So, let the superintendent unreservedly place himself in the hands of the annual meeting every year. Let him not attend this gathering with the feeling that he has a right to re-election. If he goes with this feeling, if he is of this opinion, I am confident it will benefit the school if he is not re-elected.

We naturally expect a superintendent to keep himself abreast of the times in methods of teaching and organisation. Thus for my part I should expect him to be acquainted with such books as deal with methods of teaching in Sunday schools. And if he comes across a publication which might prove of assistance to teachers I should expect him to draw the attention of the staff to it. If at all possible, he should hold a preparation class once a week. Not all the time of the class should be taken up with the preparation of lessons for the coming Sunday; part—I think half—of the time should be used in trying to solve the problems of organisation, discipline, and management which from time to time arise. Nor should the only speaker in this class be its leader; he should induce all to take part, to exchange experiences, to suggest improvements and methods of dealing with the problems brought forward. Above all the superintendent must keep fresh. To help to this end he should visit other Sunday schools and note their good points and their weaknesses. This will greatly aid him to recognise and avoid faults, as well as to convey new ideas from one school to another. These visits should not be restricted to schools of his own denomination.

The superintendent should of course be a regular attendant at church. How can he expect his teachers and scholars to attend unless they know he is a regular attender himself? I think it would be a good plan for him to occupy the pulpit, say, one Sunday during the minister's holiday.

He should take an active interest in all the various societies which grow up in connection with a school; but not overburden himself by trying to enter too closely into their activities. By means of his teachers he can keep in touch with them, while an occasional visit from him will show his sympathy. I consider it a mistake for a superintendent to have no interests other than those of his school and church, and I am strongly of opinion that he should take some part in those organisations which have for their aim the uplifting of the masses both socially and intellectually. Moreover, he should try to induce his teachers and elder scholars to enter into this phase of the life of the neighbourhood.

I have so far dealt with what I consider the important characteristics a teacher expects to find in his superintendent. In my further observations I shall deal with little points which help to increase a leader's value to a school. When passing along the streets or lanes the superintendent should be on the look-out for his teachers

and scholars. Not even when on holiday and far from home, should he fancy he is free from meeting someone from the school. It really is surprising how small this world of ours is. Repeated failure to acknowledge the members of his school, though quite unintentional, creates the impression that a superintendent has no desire to be acquainted with them except when they are wearing their best clothes.

The superintendent should always welcome a speaker to any of the classes. This is a small matter, yet it is surprising how much so little an attention is appreciated.

It is well for the superintendent occasionally to give the lesson in the adult class. These classes require special consideration. I am a strong believer in their having 'Home Rule.' The superintendent should not try to domineer over them—indeed, they will not have it—but there is no reason why they should not feel his influence.

I do not expect any superintendent either to possess all the qualities I have mentioned or do all the things I have named; but every one can cultivate some of the qualities and do most of the things. Let each put away all appearance of 'goody goodiness'; be cheerful, modest, unselfish, hard-working, earnest, sympathetic; aim to be the leader of the ideal Sunday school—a school that shall influence for good every child passing through it—and his efforts shall be blessed with a rich reward.

2. P. M. LINNAEUS

I believe he still occupies the same platform Sunday after Sunday, devoting himself as ever to the rows of careless children who sit facing him. It is not many years since I was one of them, realising nothing of what such devotion meant. The idea of a change never occurred to us. Was he not our superintendent? An occasional substitute was tolerated with ill-concealed dissatisfaction. Yet we had little or no real appreciation of his unselfishness and unfailing kindness. Now that I have left the fold, and am teacher instead of scholar in a strange school, I am prone to look back and to sigh for the days that are no more, and the superintendents that were.

Of course, the magic mirror of memory lends a wonderful charm to the figures one idealised in childhood, and the present never appears so beautiful as the past. But in the person of my old superintendent, I pay homage to all those who are labouring on sister platforms—all honour be to them for their unobtrusive service to God and man!

But what teacher is there who does not criticise the one under whom he or she works? A teacher's nature is essentially critical, and all teachers have theories as to how a school should be conducted.

It seems to me that a superintendent who lacks the natural advantages of a good presence has great difficulties to contend with, though I should not care to suggest that those who are not so endowed are necessarily precluded from a superintendent's work. More essential is a good voice. Such a one is rarely loud or even raised above normal, but must be clear and penetrating. A slow and full-toned though low-pitched delivery has much more effect than one which is rapid and high-pitched, or than an indistinct something lost in a beard. There is nothing more irritating either to teachers or to superintendent, I should imagine, than to hear innumerable inquiries, whispered or otherwise, such as '*What* hymn did he say?' or 'What number is it?' just after the announcement has been made.

Much of the order in a Sunday school depends on the superintendent's use of his hand-bell. The sound of the bell should be the signal for perfect silence throughout the school. In order to accomplish this, the sound must obviously be loud enough to pierce the most wandering mind, and imperative enough to command involuntary silence. A gentle, appealing tinkle has very little effect on a roomful of young people engaged in absorbing conversation, while a sharp, fairly loud ring will force momentary attention. But in order that this attention may be maintained, there is something else to be said. The bell rings; there is silence; the superintendent is just about to give out the hymn when he remembers that the tune has not been fixed, and he must confer with the accompanist. Or, he is about to read an announcement, when he finds that the time of the meeting is missing, or he cannot decipher the writing, and someone must be consulted. Naturally enough, the buzz of voices re-

commences, and attention is more difficult to obtain. The superintendent must have everything prepared before he rings the bell.

To address a scholar by name from the platform should be one of the deepest disgraces possible in a Sunday School; whereas I have heard superintendents say in gentle tones: 'Jim, I should like you to listen'; or 'Will the little girl in the fourth class stop talking for a few moments?' Indeed, now and again I have heard quite a little conversation carried on between platform and front row, while the whole school was waiting for the hymn to be announced. What is more natural than that the school should resume its conversation?

If the bell does not secure instant attention, the wise superintendent does not begin to speak. He waits; looks calmly round; if possible he fixes the eye of a culprit, or his neighbour, who promptly nudges the delinquent. The bell, perhaps —only perhaps—rings again, while the superintendent is gazing calmly at different scholars in turn, until all are gradually shamed into silence. Not a word should be spoken while a whisper is audible, unless in a clear, ringing, but perfectly good-tempered voice such words as these, 'I am waiting for the attention of the school.'

'He who hesitates is lost' is never truer than when applied to the man who is trying to control a crowd. Decision of manner, of voice, of action, of mind—rapid decision is a valuable asset for a superintendent. Other qualities almost as important readily occur to the mind, such as kindliness, resource, power of organisation, tact, and a hundred other things that go to make up the perfect superintendent.

Discipline in a school is not a thing suddenly acquired, but a habit to be developed. The noisiest child coming into a quiet school is overpowered by the numbers who are on the side of peace, and, by degrees, submits to their influence. As a means towards acquiring the habit of discipline, frequent addresses from the platform are invaluable. Members of the church, teachers, outsiders may be enlisted to give short talks or readings from the platform at frequent intervals. Thus the children are being prepared for attendance at church, and quiet attention to serious discourses.

This brings me to the most important of my points. The church and the school must be indissolubly united. The superintendent must be a member of the church—must, I say, to be of real use to the school. The devotional part of the school service should be the most carefully prepared, and the most reverently carried out. We must reduce the leakage between school and church to a minimum, and make the school a real preparation for the church. Occasional afternoon services for the scholars make them familiar with the church building, and awaken the germ of a proprietary interest in the church.

We must permit no petty jealousies between church work and school work; no invidious distinctions as to church set and Sunday school set; and the superintendent can be a great factor in securing harmony of interests and methods.

3. FRANK TALBOT, M.R.C.S.

The writer of this sketch has had the good fortune to serve under admirable superintendents in his time, each of whom has contributed something to the writer's conception of what ought to be demanded of superintendents. The least successful of them was far more 'sinned against than sinning,' and their work has been far too deeply appreciated for the writer to care to deal with his subject otherwise than from the point of view of constructive criticism.

A certain rector, having been recently preferred to a fresh living, called the teachers together in council. 'It has always been my custom and pleasure,' said he, 'to consult with the teachers before introducing changes in the methods and management of the school, and so to work in harmony with the teachers, rather than seek to impose my will by authority. Now I am sure we shall all feel that it is most desirable that the school should have in use the very best collection of hymns which we can procure, and to-day I have brought with me a number of copies of a hymnal which I shall ask you to take home with you and study at your leisure. At the next monthly meeting I shall be glad to hear if you consider it well to substitute this hymnal for the one at present in use.' At the next meeting, accordingly, the teachers were invited to express their

opinion. They said that they had examined the hymnal with care and interest, with the result that they preferred the collection to which they were accustomed, and considered it in every way superior. The rector's reply was altogether unexpected, in view of the democratic sentiments expressed on the previous occasion, but undeniably to the point. 'Well,' said he, 'I am Rector here, and, as long as I remain Rector, this new hymnal, and no other, will be used in this Sunday school.'

Now the moral of this story is that unless a superintendent really intends to govern in accordance with democratic principles he had better not make any such professions. Probably in every Unitarian Sunday school the superintendent is expected to accept the democratic basis and to decide the graver issues, at any rate, in accordance with the expressed wishes of the teachers or their delegates in committee. He is amongst the teachers to be *primus inter pares*; his authority is delegated, not absolute. The teachers concerned should, for instance, be consulted when a scholar is moved from one class to another. But, where the democratic principle is frankly and gladly admitted, the teachers will best serve the interests of the school by deferring, whenever they can conscientiously do so, to the wishes of the superintendent. Generally he will have had a larger experience of school management, his position enables him to take a more comprehensive view of the special needs of the school, and his influence will be most beneficial when his own personality has the opportunity of most freely expresing itself. Reciprocal loyalty is the secret of cohesion, cohesion the main secret of efficiency. Upon the importance of strict punctuality and the maintenance of good discipline before, during, and after school, it seems unnecessary to dilate further. The unpunctual superintendent is undertaking a handicap which becomes heavier by geometrical progression. Good discipline is the outward and visible sign of a pervading loyalty; it confers upon all that habit of reverence for things holy which is the root of religion. It is within our power to prepare the soil, to sow the seed, and to encourage the seed to take root. The full flower and fruit of religion waits for deeper spiritual influences which belong to a maturer age.

But 'something too much of this,' as Hamlet said when he checked himself in a discussion which was threatening to obscure certain issues of a very practical and urgent character. When the superintendent stands before the whole school assembled for the opening hymn and prayer, and is taking thought for the spiritual needs of those whom he rightly regards as young *souls* whom he can succour in their upward striving, let him never overlook that which is more obvious but so often unrealised. He has before him a collection of young *bodies*, having certain elementary needs which can only be disregarded or defied at the risk of evils which can never be fully calculated. The social status of the children will roughly determine what proportion of these little souls are housed in palpably dirty little bodies, clad in still dirtier little clothes. Probably at least five per cent. of these children are actually suffering from some form of consumption, to name only one of the infectious diseases. A far larger proportion have mouths whose interior even the untrained observer could only describe as very unclean. These with every breath are infecting the air about them to a distance which in speaking, singing, or reading is very considerable. In face of simple, incontrovertible facts such as these, which are, or ought to be, by this time fully appreciated, the responsibility of the superintendent is obviously a very serious one indeed. It becomes his bounden duty to provide to the full extent of his power for an efficient ventilation of all the rooms in which the teachers and children are collected. The present writer has visited nearly all our London schools and some in the provinces, and he ventures most earnestly to urge upon all superintendents a full and careful consideration of this subject. Let windows be judiciously thrown open at least half an hour before the school assembles. With this precaution it ought to be quite possible to maintain a fair degree of ventilation without draughts for the hour or so during which the school is in progress. This at least is what every teacher has a right to expect, and the superintendent owes no less to himself and the teachers, who with a fine devotion give up what is in many cases the only free afternoon in the week. Generally speaking the risk is greater for

the teachers than for the children, as the insanitary home-surroundings of the latter have often conferred a measure of immunity upon such as survive; and no teacher should be exposed to such danger, when with a little care and forethought it can be so greatly diminished. Again with reference to the physical welfare of the children in his charge, the superintendent should take care that the summer excursion, the Christmas parties, and all rehearsals of plays, concerts and entertainments shall come to a close at reasonable and proper hours, and not be allowed to drag on as they are apt to do unless rules are strictly adhered to.

But, if too much is often asked of teachers in respect of tolerance of insanitary conditions, superintendents seem too frequently to make the mistake of not asking enough in other ways. Teachers should be expected to take their duties seriously, and it should be assumed that they are willing to make their teaching more effective if opportunity is afforded. Conferences should be periodically held for the discussion of such questions as effective methods of presenting a lesson to a class, the best method of marking (if it is decided that marks should be given) the basis upon which prizes are to be awarded, the alternative methods of promoting children from class to class or of allowing teachers and children to remain together throughout the school life. Friends experienced in the methods of day school teaching should be invited to meet the teachers and discuss the applicability of such methods to the needs of the Sunday school, and the attempt should be made to co-ordinate the teaching throughout the school, and so to utilise to its best advantage such teaching material as is available. In this way the discussions which take place at the Sunday School Teachers' Session at Oxford and similar gatherings should be brought home to the many earnest workers who cannot find the opportunity of attending them in person.

It will be well also from time to time to give teachers the opportunity of addressing the school as a whole. The banker should be invited once a year to say a few words to inculcate the advantages of thrift, and commend, by a few well-chosen illustrations from his own experience, what has been done by his clients in the matter of saving odd pence for some definite object. The librarian and the leaders of the Band of Hope and Boys' Club should have a similar opening made for them. The giving of a few brief lessons to the whole school has started a teacher in the way which has led to very valuable work as a lay-preacher. The special preparation of a lesson, a fresh voice, a different viewpoint give zest and added interest to school life, and a few words from a visitor are often stimulating to teachers and children alike. It may be that teachers will be found not to respond to demands of such magnitude, but such a policy should attract a more earnest and devoted type of teacher, and to be disappointed is better than to make the mistake of asking too little. It should be an article of faith for the superintendent that

> 'The surest plan to make a man
> Is, Think him so, J.B.'

IN THE CROW'S NEST

E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.

SUNDAY school, on the English model, is not at home in Switzerland; its place is taken by the *Kinderlehre*. I recently heard Gamaliel recall a pleasant Sunday which he had spent among the Vaudois mountains. The peasants came down at call of bell from their farms and hamlets on the heights to the church in the valley. Men and women went in to worship, and their children foregathered outside, played, strolled and chatted till the service was over. Then the men clustered before the porch, discussing the weather, the crops, the affairs of their commune, their canton, and the Federation. The women grouped themselves, and discussed—whatever Vaudois women do discuss: certainly not the question of the vote. The parson smoked his pipe, and rested awhile in the churchyard. Soon the bell spoke again, and this time the children trooped in, for their own service; and when it was over the good people went back, family by family, to their farms and hamlets on the heights.

This is typical of all Protestant Switzerland. In towns, and in villages with a church of their own, the Kinderlehre is usually held at one o'clock, after the midday meal. It consists of prayer, song, and an address, and is conducted by the

Pfarrer himself. Some ministers hold these services on alternate Sundays; some only in the winter, when boys and girls cannot run free among the flowers; some only in the summer, when there is no day school. The local circumstances—town or country, highland or lowland, the length of the school course, the distance which young feet must cover to reach the church—are all taken into account; but the Kinderlehre is regarded as a normal part of the work of the church.

And yet I never held one myself. The law of Graubünden, which is made for the Reformed Church by all Protestant Swiss citizens resident in the canton, is very strict on many points; for instance, it imposes the duty of religious instruction in the school upon the Pfarrer, and—to meet all exigences—also and equally upon the teacher; but with regard to Kinderlehren it only says that the Pfarrer should hold them, if possible, and 'so far as he well can.' For in such cases as my own, where one Pfarrer serves two or three parishes, consisting of several widely distant hamlets, with but few children in each, special services for the children are neither feasible nor necessary. Their parents are simple folk, who must be addressed with clear thoughts in plain language; whenever I preached in Ladin, that is about three times out of four, the children came into church with the elders, and understood, I hope, something of what was said. Some of the bigger lads and lasses would come even to the German services, more in the hope of learning new words, I think, than of being able to follow the sermon. I pay a glad tribute to their excellent behaviour. Once, indeed, when two little Britons (whose identity shall be shrouded) had concealed themselves in the belfry at Fuldera, and underestimated the carrying power of their voices—But what child alive would not have given way to mirth? At the critical moment, when the solemn Kirchenratspresident had disappeared into the tower, and had not yet emerged with his convoy, and at the even more critical moment when he did emerge, the Pfarrer himself had much ado to preserve the proprieties. That case must not count.

Part of the work done by the English Sunday school is thus performed, in the Crow's Nest, by the ordinary Sunday services; the rest, and very much more than a Sunday school can accomplish, is done in the day schools, in the parsonage, in the children's homes, in the forest, on the snows—wherever the Pfarrer and the children come together. For the Pfarrer is the special friend and guardian of all the children. They look to him for help and guidance of every kind. His opportunities of lending them a hand, of giving them a lift up over a difficult stile, of teaching them and learning from them in ways not at all pedagogic, are abundant. Will he, nill he, the parson is an abiding influence in these young lives. A Pfarrer who knows, as we all do, the words of Jesus about millstones and floods is none the worse man for being conscious of that. The love of children, I take it, is the most sanative spring on earth.

In this task and privilege the teacher is the Pfarrer's partner and colleague Every teacher I have met in Graubünden takes a high view of his profession, and none conceives that he lays down his office when he closes his desk. The character of his pupils is a more important part of his charge than their arithmetic and geography, and he is quite aware of it. He is their companion outside the school. In that spare margin of the school-course when the lower woods are free of snow he takes them out botanising. On fine winter days he adjourns to a firm snow slope, and teaches them ski-running or sledging, and sees to it that the poorest child is provided with a sledge. During the long winter he has far more to do with the children than the Pfarrer himself, and often establishes the most beautiful relations with all of them. The feeling, for instance, in Herr Andreossi's school at Cierfs is that of a large and happy family. At Fuldera I have often had to comfort little girls, who were crying because they were not allowed to go to school, but only once have I seen a girl crying on the way to school, and that was when Herr Roman Pinösch, the teacher, was not to conduct lessons: the Inspector was taking his place. But school lasts only a little more than half the year, and from latter April to early October the teacher is usually away, tilling the home farm, or acting as secretary to some hotel or Kurverein; and the Pfarrer remains in his parishes, meeting the children as before. So that it is he, and

not the teacher, to whom they look as their standing counsellor, advocate, and friend.

He talks with each of them, as a rule, for two hours in the school week on sacred things; and if he can avoid sanctimony, and be the same man when he speaks of God as when he speaks of sums or skates or Christmas trees, how can they help feeling that work and play and rest, converse and fun, are all modes of godly living? Even if he does 'put it on a bit' (as ladies say) during the lessons, that is not fatal; the children may be depended on to take it off. Some men cannot for their lives mention Haggai or Capernaum in the same voice that they use for Keir Hardie or Morton Pinkney. As soon as they begin to deal with a sacred theme they assume a good look, and a good voice, and mount invisible stilts. No doubt they impose on themselves, but they do not deceive the children. These clear-eyed beings are quite aware that the performer is just Herr Schulz or Mr. Brown, neither more nor less; making believe, for some occult reason, to be somebody else, but really just the same man whom they see about the place at other times, conducting himself in a more natural manner. And the influence which he exercises on the sacred stage is precisely that which he wins when he is not acting, but living his real life. So that a dose of sanctimony does no great harm; still, since it does no good, and seems to imply that religion is not the whole of life, but a precinct—

> A little garden walled around,
> Hallowed and made peculiar ground,

they do better who practise no holy deportment.

I took my children through the life of Jesus and the life of Paul, as objectively as possible. Abstract words were regarded as bad language, and avoided accordingly. Without giving my charges anything to learn by heart I took care that the great parables and pithy profundities of Jesus, and Paul's hymn on love, were firmly nested in their memories, and so far understood that their Hinterland of meaning, which only experience can attain, might be explored from a safe base. We were in no hurry, and very discursive. A good deal of geography and history came in by a side door, when it was wanted. We reduced everything to local terms, measured our mountains by the Lüerberg and Piz Dora, set our Sower to work on a field we all knew, and fixed on the precise spot where the Treasure was dug up. An allusion to serpents brought out the big snake-skins which I had got at the Zoological Gardens at Basel and Antwerp, and we worked out quite a fine new parable about the way in which snakes slough their skins. We found out parables about marmots, and wood-cutting, and avalanches, and the little torrents that make the great valleys, and such like familiar wonders. One girl had an especially good command of fluent, sonorous Ladin, and she was set, more often than the others, to recount our stories or sum up our talk in her own words. Those who could write best took charge of the blackboard. A boy who was a great arithmetician would work out for us how long a particular journey must have lasted, or how many people Paul preached to on the first mission, if the synagogues were as big as the church at Santa Maria, and the average crowd in the street as numerous as the sightseers at Fuldera Festetta. Another child could be depended on to read intelligently; another could draw; all the elder boys and girls became fellow-teachers. And whenever a hard word turned up, I worked its meaning out in conversation with the little ones.

For instance, we chanced on 'eroe.' Well, what is a hero? Nobody could define him. Who knows the names of any heroes? Up goes the tiniest hand of all: 'Winkelried and Fontana and Jesus and Zwingli.' Canst thou tell me anything about them? 'They were all Swiss men, and they all gave their lives for their country.' This was a fine opening. We went through the list, and discovered what was common to all four, and that, in the case of Jesus, the whole world was Switzerland.

The ordinary religious instruction in the schools leads up to the special Konfirmandenunterricht, preparation for admission into the church. During their last two school years the boys and girls receive seventy-two hours' teaching in a special class, to equip them for the battle of life. At its close they are 'confirmed' by the Pfarrer who has prepared them, and ceremonially welcomed into the congregation. At the next celebration of the Lord's

Supper they take part, and are henceforth, for all religious purposes,regarded as adults.

Here it is that the friendship and influence gained during the earlier talks come to fruition. The Pfarrer is the known and loved companion of these youths and maidens. They are accustomed to speak with him on the greatest themes of all, and are not shy of asking him questions. He on his side knows them, their characters and circumstances, their several strength and weakness, difficulties and opportunities. If he cannot help them, who can? It is his aim, during these precious hours, to make them feel the strenuous responsibility of being alive in this world, and at the same time to open for them the springs of happiness. We work hard, for life is not a game ; we work cheerfully, and at times we play, for life is not a funeral. The task of the Pfarrer is no light task, and brings its disappointments, its tremblings and moments of helplessness. But it brings great joy too. I do not think there is anything which brings home to him what his work really means so forcibly as this direct concentration of it upon particular lives at their time of promise and of danger. He needs all his own religion to carry him through it.

Some Unitarians shrink from ' confirmation,' and even the Communion Service itself, as superstitious relics. The superstition seems to me to be rather with those who refuse to employ good things aright because others have employed them amiss. An earnest preparation for the hard business of life,—a special service to mark the end of tutelage and the acceptance of a separate responsibility,—another service held from time to time to remind all of their several and common duties and privileges : these things are not superstitions. I think all those ministers who have held preparation classes and admission services will confirm my own conviction that they are of real service to the young people themselves and to the congregation ; and I know that the Communion Service can be so conducted that it continues and refreshes the spirit of consecration. As for the association of this service with Jesus, how can it be helped ? We must remember our friends that have passed away ; and among them there is surely none to whom we all owe so much as to Jesus of Nazareth.

So I should like to see this whole admirable scheme employed in our British and Irish churches, so far as our different circumstances will admit of it. The minister might be the friend and teacher of the children, the counsellor of the youths and maidens, their welcomer into communion with the church, and still their companion. Where an inefficient Sunday school languishes for lack of teachers, why not have a Children's Service instead ? Most ministers must preach twice every Sunday. Why should the adults claim him both times ? The Swiss do better when they ask him to teach the elders once, and give the rest of his energy to the children. But so long as two good sermons (*all* sermons *ought* to be good) are demanded of the minister every Sunday, only the strongest bodies and most fertile brains can keep up a regular Kinderlehre in the afternoon.

When the minister has willing and efficient lay colleagues, so much the better. They can share this work with him. But it cannot be done in one hour a week. Nor is perfunctory work of the slightest use. I am convinced, however, that there must be many men and women, just of the right sort, who, if only they knew how easy it is to gain a circle of unaffected child friends, and how happy such friendships are, would jump at the opportunities offered by our Sunday schools.

THE HUMAN BOY

A. STEPHEN NOEL

THE truly human boy is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. He is a pleasure to the gods that be, a power which makes the hills to clap their hands, the morning stars to rejoice together. He has infinite impertinence, a power for being insubordinate, that is truly estimable in one so young. He knows no cares, and cares, only at times, for any knowledge. What he gains in learning he picks up from life rather than from books. His face is the rosy face of the worldly philosopher, not the pale visage of the student. He is vastly superior to his teacher, and can converse with the wisest and hold his own. He knows his weaknesses and keeps them hidden ; he is unconscious of his strength and uses it creditably. He is no prig, and

has an utter contempt for the goody-goody boy, whom he rightly considers unhuman, in that he listens to Sunday school lessons. He has wide sympathies and so is never callous. His humanity makes him scorn indifference to a fellow's pain. He is often found where his younger relations assemble, buttoning jackets and fixing hats with a diligence which is not even puerile. He knows his mind, and sees the essential as against the worthless. He will himself browbeat the callous fellow-pupil into order, if his interest in the work of the class is maintained. He is a teacher's best text-book, his best Bible, his best guide. He should be catalogued in every library under 'Aids to Teachers.'

Yet he must be distinguished from his friends and neighbours. Boys are of many types; but roughly speaking there are the prigs, the callous boys, and the human boys. The prig is incorrigible. He is so immaculate; he listens to his teacher with such unswerving attention, that one realises that the gates of heaven are even in this world of sin a reality to him, and that his baptised, purified soul, edified by its own inactivity, has received an eternal benediction and needs no further guide to salvation. The teacher should run pins into the prig.

The callous boy is a pitiable sight. An incident recurs to the memory. The Band of Hope was starting; a boy in ragged clothes, a cigarette in mouth, strolled in. The superintendent ordered the burning of the cigarette. The boy, cowed, obeyed, and throughout the evening sat—a careless, apathetic, unfeeling mass of rags. Afterwards it was told that he and two brothers had that day entered an empty house and eaten old, mildewed bread. One brother had died, the other was dying—the third, smoking a cigarette at a Band of Hope meeting! What can be done? Human pity, human sympathy, human love to try to make the boy a human boy!

Neither of these is our subject in this paper. Ours is the Human Boy, neither a prig nor callous, neither god nor beast, but human. He is our great hope; and yet our hardest task is to deal with him. He destroys the self-confidence and ambitions of more Sunday school teachers than any other child. The prig will listen, because he is 'good,' the callous boy is sometimes a coward, and, alas! more often is expelled either directly or indirectly. In either case, he is silent. But the human boy is too human to hearken to the many barbarous inhumanities inflicted on him on Sundays. Do we expect an undisturbed, placid calm to rest upon the countenance of a boy of thirteen, filled with all the spirit which he has inherited from that very generation which is now trying to crush it out? Think of your childhood, my good teachers, and have patient endurance until the end of the hour.

Discipline is essential; but discipline is not the outcome of brute force. Nor is the abjectly silent class the most disciplined; it is probably the most cramped, mentally speaking. Discipline is the outcome of freedom within limits, not merely of limitations upon freedom. A military system which compels a perfect obedience is not truly disciplinary; for discipline means to be a disciple, and a disciple is a follower and not a slave.

But the teacher must be master; he must hold his class by his power. He must show no weakness, no apologetic spirit, no unpreparedness. He must come, his lesson prepared, his ideas collected and set down, and grip his class in the first two minutes. The poor teacher who comes and commences with the remark, 'I have not had time to look up much for you to-day!' is condemned to eternal torment—or, at least, half an hour of it.

'Not had time to look up much for you!' Let him look up for himself, and he will ever see the divinity of man, the beauty of nature, the wealth of the storehouses of God. He probably looks down for, and upon his scholars too much. If possible, let books go. Speak from heart to heart, from your humanity to the boy's humanity. Give him scope, and be not afraid to say 'I do not know!' Set the boy furiously to think; then guide, direct, and enlighten his darkness—if you can. Never lose the grasp, never let mere callous apathy lead you astray. A boy of impure motives, of callous mind is to be pitied and improved; but he should never be allowed to impinge upon the discussion of the human boys.

Set the boys furiously to think! A lesson of cross questions and crooked answers will enlarge this idea—so a few points from such a lesson are given. Unitarianism was one day to be expounded,

and the nature of God to be discussed. The infinity of space and of time had been simply explained, and the need for a controlling Spirit was suggested. A boy immediately laid down the fundamental proposition that we need not believe in God. Therefore the method of creation was described as the inbreathing of God, and this in-breathing was in all. The lesson came to the point of the immanence of God. Each good action is God shown in you, the daisy is God shown in nature, the grass is God, the sky is God, God is all and more than all, all we know and all we do not know. 'Then why,' asks a little boy, 'do we sing hymns about God being on his throne on high, far above the bright blue sky?' The teacher thought he and the boy were more nearly agreed than he and the hymn writer, and he said so; yet what is heaven and what is God's throne? It is above the sky and below the earth. This lesson was elicited by question upon question. Another time, a boy asked, 'Why were Adam and Eve tempted?' The story was a parable: you are tempted to make you strong to resist. 'What is the darkness,' he continued, 'into which Adam and Eve went?' The darkness of your own life, if you do wrong. 'That is what they all say,' he replied. Perhaps so, but let the teacher say it again and again if it is his true belief. Never be afraid to give scope to the human boy; he deserves it, and the teacher is repaid. Baptism was being discussed. 'Who was John the Baptist?' asked the teacher. 'The Great Determinist!' came the reply from the class humorist. Probably he was unconsciously fairly correct. Determinism was explained in a simple way, and as the belief of some. 'If they believe God made up his mind what all men should do, how can he eternally punish them if they do it?' asks the philosopher of the class. Verily! my dear boy, you are not far from the kingdom of heaven.

Furious thinking is good for boys. Their energies must be used. But let the teacher guide and instruct and help. Be joyful in the presence of the human boy, and he will rejoice with you; be firm with his follies, and he will respect you; be sympathetic with his aspirations, and he will sympathise with yours. For you and he look to the same end: both learn and both teach. He may be a joy to you and you may be a joy to him. You may cast your bread upon the waters and find it after many days; and he may cast his and find it again in you. Whatsoever you do, you find again in him; whatsoever he does should be found ennobled and purified in you. For he learns but by those things which he recognises.

BELIEF IN GOD

SYDNEY H. MELLONE, M.A., D.Sc.

I.—Science and Religion

THE purpose of this short series of papers is to afford as much assistance as the limits of present space permit to teachers who wish to prepare a few connected lessons for elder scholars, or for adult classes, on the Meaning and Grounds of Belief in God.

We must beware of contentedly settling down under the delusion that the great questions thus raised are so hard that it is hopeless to think about them at all. They are indeed difficult questions; but so far from being hopeless, they are not too difficult for any intelligent person to follow them up to a certain point at least.

The attacks on Religion, found in many so called 'rationalist,' 'free-thought,' or 'secularist' writings, are distinguished by a quality which we can only describe as extreme 'cocksureness.' Compare, for example, Robert Blatchford's well-known onslaught on Christianity in 'God and my Neighbour' with the replies to it contained in that excellent little book 'The Religious Doubts of Democracy.'[1] Cocksureness, expressed in vigorous English, makes a great impression, particularly upon uneducated people; but it is not the same as science, or as historical insight, or as truth.

There are a great many writers who know a little (but only a little!) of science, and who confidently say, in the name of science, what science herself has never said. Science is the study of facts capable of being presented to our senses, and therefore of being seen or touched, measured and weighed. She seeks to discover the present conditions and past history of everything that can appear to our senses;

[1] Edited by George Haw, and published in a sixpenny edition by Macmillan & Co.

but she has nothing to say about the origin and end of things. As knowledge widens, she freely surrenders her earlier theories. New facts are constantly appearing, and she finds room for them. The science of the nineteenth century revised the science of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the science of the twentieth century is in some important points already revising the science of the nineteenth.

What is the origin of the notion that there is an irreconcileable quarrel between Science and Religion? In Christendom it has arisen solely from a persistent *misuse of the Bible.* Because they assumed that every statement in the Bible is a word of God, religious persons used to denounce as false and wicked the discoveries of scientific men, whenever a text could be quoted against them. When Columbus said it was possible by sailing due west to find a way round to the lands of the far east; when Galileo said that the earth moves round the sun, not the sun round the earth; when Newton stated the great law that controls all motion throughout the universe; when Darwin said that the creation of living things was a process spread out through millions of years—in every case Scripture texts were quoted against them, and they were denounced for denying God's word. But what happened? The scientific discoveries stood the test of time; the champions of the Bible had to fall back and say, 'It was our fault for using the Bible wrongly.'

The biblical creation-story affords the best illustration of what has been said. It also illustrates the real difference between the point of view of science and that of religion. What is the story of creation, as told by science? Dr. Driver, of Oxford, in his valuable and scholarly commentary, 'The Book of Genesis,' has summed up the case so well that I quote his words in full. 'The earth, as we now know, reached its present state, and acquired its rich and wondrous adornment of animal and vegetable life, by a gradual process, spread over countless centuries, and embracing unnumbered generations of living forms. Those white cliffs which rise out of the sea on our coasts, when examined by the microscope, are seen to consist mostly of the minute shells of marine organisms, deposited at the rate of a few inches a century at the bottom of the ocean, and afterwards, by some great upheaval of the earth's crust, lifted high above the waves. Our coal measures are the remains of mighty forests, which have slowly come and gone upon certain parts of the earth's surface, and their remains been buried deep beneath it. These and other formations contain moreover numerous fossil remains; and geologists have been able to determine the order in which, during the slowly passing ages of their growth, higher and higher types of animal and vegetable life were ever appearing upon the globe. Nor is this all. Astronomers, by the study and comparison of the heavenly bodies, have risen to the conception of a theory explaining, by known physical and mechanical principles, the formation of the earth itself. The solar system, i.e., the sun, earth, and other planets, existed once as a diffused mass of incandescent gas, of immense dimensions, which gradually condensed and became a rotating sphere; and from this in succession the different planets were flung off, while the remainder was more and more concentrated until it became what we call the sun. One of these planets, the earth, in process of time, by reduction of temperature and other changes developed the conditions adequate for the support of life.'

All the ablest students are agreed that the story of creation as told in the first chapter of Genesis cannot be reconciled with the story as told by science. Dr. Driver's verdict cannot be gainsaid: 'If the writer of this chapter had been acquainted with the actual past history of the earth, he would, while still using language equally simple, equally popular, equally dignified, have expressed himself in different terms, and presented a different picture of the entire process.'

The *scientific* value of the Bible story of creation comes to nothing. But what is its *religious* value?

It was the work of men whose knowledge was very limited, but who were filled with one great overpowering thought,—the entire dependence of creation on the Almighty Spirit who breathes into all things the breath of life, and by whose power heaven and earth are ordered and moved. The religious value of the Bible story is seen best when it is compared with similar stories current among nations

kindred in race with the Jews,—the Babylonians, for example. The Babylonian creation-story is similar in several ways to that of the Jews. It begins with a watery 'chaos,' and mentions the creation of the earth first, then the stars, the divisions of time, and so on. In short, its scientific errors are similar to those of the Hebrew story. But what a difference in other respects! According to the Babylonians, the gods were born one by one out of the primeval chaos. This occupied many ages, after which war began between the superior and inferior gods. The creation of the habitable earth was the outcome of this war. The following is a specimen of the events related: 'Marduk, the god of light, prevailed against the goddess of the deep. He cleft her like a fish into two halves; from the one half he made and covered the heavens. He drew a barrier, placed sentinels, commanded them not to let the waters pass.'

The Babylonian creation-story is a long one, written on clay tablets, many of which are still preserved. Though it ends with a hymn to Marduk the conqueror, which is worthy to be compared to the finest of the Psalms, yet it is full of extravagant mythology of a kind suggested by the quotation already given.

The difference between the two creation-stories told among these two kindred peoples is not a scientific but a religious difference. Instead of a welter of mythology about many warring gods, we have the thought of one infinite spiritual Being. The Hebrew story begins and stays at a height which the Babylonian scarcely touches. Although in the beginning the earth was without form and void; though in the beginning, darkness and the deep seemed to divide all between them; yet it was not all,—for even then, *God was*. He did not come into being; unhindered his Power went forth, and without struggle quelled the tumult of chaos, and called into being each new order of things he purposed to create. Though the Hebrew imagined the creation in six days complete, and could not rise to the thought of it as always and everywhere proceeding; yet in rising as he did to that great thought, *In the beginning, God*, he laid broad and deep the foundation of all forms of human faith worthy to be called religion.

Science, then, seeks to know *how* things are done; whatever knowledge she attains to is a knowledge of the *method* of creation. She may, and it is to be hoped that she will, push on her inquiries without limit; but all her secure results Religion will still seek to regard as parts (however small) of the methods embraced in that Great Plan which God is gradually fulfilling in the universe. And what could be more foolish than to suppose that finding out how a thing is done is the same as proving that God could not have done it? This was the blunder committed by the people who, after every advance in scientific discovery, used to ask, 'Where is your God now?'

(To be continued.)

ANNIVERSARY PREACHING

J. J. WRIGHT

It has fallen to my lot, for a considerable number of years now, to preach many, many school sermons; and it may be that my experiences will prove interesting, if not useful. At any rate it may be worth while to set down here on paper, if I can, what seem to have been, and still are, my special aims and purposes in preaching and speaking on these 'great occasions.'

'Great occasions!' No one, in Lancashire especially, will smile at those two words, Nor in Yorkshire either. To every Sunday school, of any denomination, here in the North, its Anniversary Sermons and Collections suggest, over and above everything else, the Best and Biggest Day of the year,—the biggest not only to the school itself but also to the chapel or church to which it belongs. Of all Sundays in the fifty-two, 'Sermons Sunday' is their greatest occasion. For example, the day is made great by the people's giving. The day's collections in a little country chapel, strong in its Sunday school, will reach £20 and upwards. £50 or more indicates a fairly flourishing school and congregation, although mainly working folk; while £70 and even more may be the figure where the better-to-do people back up the Sunday school. Of course, there are schools whose collections fall below the £20, as there are others whose collections run up to the £100, but I have named amounts which, with any amounts between those named, are not at all exceptional.

Then, the 'Sermons Sunday' is great by

reason of its crowded congregations. To its utmost capacity the chapel is crammed at two, and often at three, services during the day. Literally true on that day are the words of the hymn—

> And young and old in many a band
> Do *throng* the temple floor.

And what a sight it is—that sea of up-looking, eager, memory-filled, often heat-flushed, and mostly happy faces! And what a *sound* that is, too, when, with 'heart and voice,' three hundred, four hundred, six hundred, or seven hundred of a congregation let themselves go in well-known tunes and hymns!

Ah yes, I must not forget that the day is also made great by its music. Besides the hymns in which the whole congregation joins to some purpose, there are the children's hymns,—hymns suitable for children and sung by a number of them, selected and trained for the occasion. Placed on some raised platform or gallery in sight of the whole congregation, the girls dressed in white,—who can see these children on that day, and not think of his own days of childhood past, of these children's days of manhood and womanhood yet to come, and of what the Sunday school may do for them in the meantime? All these things will make a man preach if he has got any 'preach' in him. But the music! Verily, there are choirs who religiously believe that the 'Sermons Day' is their day. And, believing this, they naturally make the most of it. Hence on 'Sermons Sunday' we get in as many anthems as we can, of the best and biggest kind. The choir is often specially augmented for the day. Here and there a string band is added to the sound of the organ. Not only, therefore, in the matter of collections and attendances, but also in this matter of great music is the 'Sermons' made into a great day.

Well, and what is it all for? To have a good time? If you like. To raise money? If you will. But although the money must be raised, and although the raising of the money is one of the chiefest objects of the 'Sermons'—an object which, in conducting such, I do not think I ever forget—still, to my mind, it has always seemed that if 'Sermons Sunday' reached no higher object than that of raising money, however much, it could not well be called a great day. No; 'Sermons Sunday' must raise and rouse something else, to be a real success. And, let me say at once, that, in my experience, this is what it mostly does.

Of course, where there is no Sunday school there are no such 'Sermons'; and were there no children there would be no Sunday school. 'Sermons Sunday' is, therefore, the Sunday school's one great day. For a whole Sunday the school ceases from its ordinary work; comes, as it were, into the church, and thus reminds the church and the world of that goodly work which the Sunday school is trying to do,—a work, without which both the church and the world would suffer incalculable loss.

How, then, should one speak to the young or preach to the older on such an occasion? Surely, in the main, one's address or one's sermon ought to be about this young human life that is now in our homes and in our Sunday schools; about what we can do *with* it if we are still young; about what we can do *for* it if we are older. For example: the parent is present on such an occasion, and some word will be given which shall awaken or reawaken the feeling in father and mother that, in the character training of their children, the Sunday school and the home have the same divine task; old scholars are present, and some word is needed which, touching past personal experiences of Sunday school work and pleasure, will appeal to their memories and their gratitude; present also is the better-to-do church member and the believer in the value of the Christian faith to life at every stage, and some word should come which shall quicken in him the sense of moral and spiritual values, that he may more vividly realise the enormous need the rising generation also has for it; and, best of all, the Sunday school teachers are there—a portion of that great band of the truest philanthropists and benefactors this world has yet seen—and some strong, sure word they require which, above all others, shall re-hearten them for a blessed, seldom easy, mostly trying and tiring work which, week in week out, month after month, and year after year, unpaid, uncompelled, often unthanked and even unrecognised, they go on and on doing to the country's immeasurable benefit. Simply to have re-heartened the teachers for their task would be worth all the work

of a preacher on 'Sermons Sunday,' for a high idealism is not easy to keep alive amid the hard realism amid which they have continuously to toil, and yet their work, if any work on earth, may be truly called man-making, citizen-making, home-making, nation-making, yea heaven-making.

So far as I know myself the foregoing would seem to indicate my chief aims in these years of preaching school sermons, and I imagine that, for the most part, they are the aims of the majority of 'Sermons' preachers.

True, one hears with amazement sometimes of preachers who never in any way mention the Sunday school! As some one once said of such a preacher: 'If his sermons had had the small-pox the school couldn't have caught it, for he never came near enough.' Authentic information is also given of a minister delivering at the 'Sermons' a learned discourse on the Doctrine of the Atonement. Sometimes it appears a 'Sermons' preacher quite forgets that in many places friends from various denominations congregate in each other's places of worship on these occasions, and he launches out into doctrinal and ecclesiastical differences which are certainly very much out of keeping at such a time, and bring distress and dismay where amity and common enthusiasm might well be. But one may hope and believe that, although true enough, these cases are, on the whole, rare.

On my varied experiences with school secretaries and treasurers I hesitate to enter. Most 'Sermons' preachers could, of these, many a tale unfold! I will only say that the best secretaries in writing for a favour are both businesslike and considerate, and enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. And I will only add that the true treasurer does *not* talk to you as if you were a cabman, and likely to over-charge him, but, in the quietest possible way, finds out what is needed, and, as between gentlemen, with grace and gratefulness does what is right. There are schools and churches with officials like these, and such organisations are truly blessed.

'He's away too much,' and 'He's always refusing us,' are two common complaints from different points of view. A minister's own congregation makes the first; a congregation which invites him to preach its 'Sermons' makes the second. This leads me to relate that, in one single season, a minister, to my certain knowledge, has been invited to preach sermons at twenty-two different places. Mindful of his own people, who might say 'He's away too much,' he accepted only eight! And would that every minister had some such large-hearted member as he had on his committee, who gently chided the murmurers by saying: 'Well, well; I look at it in this fashion; when our minister's away preaching sermons, if he's not just doing us good at the time he's doing good to somebody else, and we all belong to somebody else, you know!'

Moreover, should not the fact here related moderate a little the complaint of those whom a minister may have to refuse? The only thing he can do is to accept a limited number of invitations, and not visit any school a second time if another that he has never yet served applies; and to serve equally willingly the little and the big on the sound principle of 'first come first served.' Ah, if only those who wish to be thus served would have the forethought to write long enough beforehand!

'Special anthems will be sung all day.' Yes, I have copied that from an actual advertisement of School Sermons. Anthems sung all day! Where, thought I, were the collections, to say nothing of the prayers, or the sermons to come in? Then, looking again I saw that the preacher was expected to 'preach three sermons'—which some of us sometimes obediently do. But O the cruelty of it! Why, even John Wesley in his Diary declares (Oct., 1790): 'This day I cut off that vile custom, I know not when or how it began, of preaching three times a day, by the same preacher to the same congregation, enough to weary out both the bodies and minds of the speaker as well as his hearers.'

I will not tell you where it was, nor who the preacher, when the following happened. At the afternoon service perhaps the preacher was, in view of the abundant music, a trifle lengthy, and at the close of the sermon the choir seemed to make a special point, not lost on the congregation either, of singing the anthem words, 'O Lord, how long!' Their anthem however in the evening happened to come before the sermon. It was a tremendous one and, for noise, they made the most of it. They

finished and then the preacher's text was—'And after the uproar was ceased' (Acts xx. 1). Neither choir nor congregation missed the point. If a look that was foolish passed over the choir, a smile that was audible passed over the congregation.

I will only add that a Sermons preacher makes many delightful friends, meets with many unforgettable pleasures, gets many genuinely hearty thanks, and, at the close of a hard but happy Sunday, as he finishes the third service in the hot, crowded chapel, he may, at the foot of the pulpit steps receive from a big beaming Yorkshireman such a cordial compliment as this: 'My, my, sir, but yo've gien us rost gooise ta-day!'

THE CHURCH OF YOUTH[1]

W. WHITAKER, B.A.

When people make the remark that 'the day of the Sunday school is over,' what they really mean is that the Sunday school, like everything else, cannot remain always the same thing, but must change and grow. Perhaps we shall best express what is wanted, if we say that the school must become a finer spiritual instrument of the church.

We all want the scholars, when they cannot for any reason remain longer with us in school, to rejoin us in the wider life of the church fellowship. Do they do this? Are they clamouring at the church doors and eagerly claiming their spiritual right to share in the most vital and precious inheritance that the world can show? If not, if our church walls are not bulging outwards with the constant stream of pressure brought within them from the school, why not? Can it be that the school does not really prepare for the church? Certainly, unless the aims of both are the same, there will be no natural connexion and continuity from one to the other. Unless children and young people have become accustomed to a church of young people, they will find in a church of older people something strange—the idea of joining it will seem fantastic and odd. Then there will be a danger that the young people who do join the church may be either (*a*) those who, having no spirited will or initiative of their own, are brought into churchmanship by mere habit and imitation of others; or (*b*) those who are advised to do it for self-interest and 'getting on,' by means of pleasing people who will help them in business. Such a result would not be the best.

We want our young people to join the church for the sake of religion. Therefore the school exists for the sake of religion. If the scholars have felt in the school the beauty and power of religion, they will want more of it, and seek it in the church. If not, not.

This brings us face to face with choice of type. We have to make up our minds just what we are trying to do in our schools. We have to decide what kind of person we are trying to produce as the result of Sunday school training. There is nothing new in these statements. Every Sunday school worker inevitably has in his and her mind the idea, or ideal, of character towards which the young lives are to be directed. And nothing has a more powerful formative influence in shaping the teaching, and the whole of the school-work, than the sort of type of character the teachers keep in mind as their aim. Therefore we have before us this problem—choice of type.

Now there has been a fairly clear and predominant type in the minds of our teachers for a good half century. It was a good type. It was the product of an age of earnest, industrious, sincere-hearted and self-denying men and women. They believed intensely in the value of effort and self-reliance. They tried to cultivate hardness and strength, in themselves and their scholars. They aimed at making each individual self-sufficient and independent in the conduct of his own life. They hated a lie and every form of cant, and imparted something of their scrupulousness to others. So the type of character that became associated with their Sunday school efforts was plodding, respectable, honest, regular and punctual, sensible and prudent.

We all realise, no doubt, the character of the period which produced and upheld this type. It was an age of *business*. Trade was rapidly expanding. Commercialism was fast becoming the prominent social force; on the one hand the aristocracy were going into the commerce which they formerly loathed, and on the other hand large numbers of working people were rising into it, and becoming 'self-

[1] Notes of an Address to the Yorkshire Sunday School Union.

made' men. It was natural then that the virtues most in favour were the factory and office virtues, those pre-eminently needed in commerce. And 'getting on' was an ideal—by no means the worst known to history; but by no means the best.

Well, we have lived through all this, and now another age is upon us. And if the Sunday school in the individualistic period was valued as a training ground for emphasising the ideals of that period, it has now to prove itself of like service for the deeper and richer aims of the new time. What are these aims? They include all life: not only the factory and the office, but the home, the hopes of the city and the nation, the promise of vast social ameliorations, and the church. Too often the brightest word that our teachers used to say to us on these wider subjects was, that if we were very patient, and very tender, and very unselfish, then we might shine as heroes even in sick rooms and amidst narrow streets and in unhealthy slums. It was not their *intention*, but it was too often the practical *result* of their teaching, that we were to regard unhealthiness as a specially ordained condition of Providence wherein we were to be trained to be saints; and in the meantime our resignation enabled the landlords of the 'property' where we passed our lives to gather their harvest.

Needless to say, all that is gone. Fellowship, rather than competition, is in the air. Our scholars must receive from us the new breath of social comradeship. They must learn to value the things that can be enjoyed together, not singly—as a great common heritage, not as a narrow privilege. A great mass of the 'stories' we have been accustomed to read to our classes must be weeded out, for they embody the traditions of the mid-Victorian age rather than the twentieth century.

All this can be summed up in one word. We must aim at Religion. This does not mean that in the past we have aimed too much at *morals*. No teaching can be too moral. But it may consist of too much moralising. It may deal too much with the externals of duty, and too little with the springs of action that are within; too much with prudence and too little with passion; too much with explaining the irksome details and not enough with the splendid incitements to heroism. Now there is in Religion a passion of abandonment, a fire of loyalty, a power to touch the springs of romance and the instincts of worship and rapture. Have we discovered these? Have we reached these in our young people's minds? We have tried to teach *doing*, but have we taught *loving*? We have inculcated a respect for truth, but have we opened and illuminated the way to prayer? We have deprecated cant and insincerity, but have we encouraged the natural self-expression that is so beautiful in young souls when first they awake to religious realities? Have we been so anxious to cry 'Character and not Creed,' that we have even given the notion to our scholars that no *credo* is possible, and would be a sorry nuisance if it were? All of which, again, can be summed up in the question, Have we prepared our scholars for a respectable career, but not for the church?

For it is in the church—its serried ranks of fellowship, its shared and undistinguished labours and sacrifices, its passionate affirmations, its glory of free giving and free receiving—that the present age finds its highest interpretation, the symbol of all its vague and mighty longings. The collectivism that is all about us in every social endeavour, finds its spiritual expression in the church. And, most of all, for religious men, the great message of the time is 'Insist on the Church.' There is no need to plead for this with really alert, that is with really religious men and women. But if the objection comes, 'We must train our scholars for life rather than for anything else,' the reply is that in the Sunday school we regard Religion as the culminating glory of all human life. Religion is there our special business. We are not in school for the purpose of imparting general culture, or of teaching the geography of Palestine, or the natural history of the Bible, or even of helping our scholars to make good business men and women—all excellent things in their way, but not our special business. We are there for one express and unutterably large enough purpose—to give Religion.

I am aware that to this the answer will be made that no one can give Religion, for it is a personal and individual matter. We can lead up to it, it is said, we can prepare the way for it; but in the last resort, we must leave the individual alone, face to

face with these solemn realities, and all influence that we can bring is mere interference and intrusion. Well, here at last is the whole, bare, individualistic error, which I flatly deny, and mark as the most mischievous and enfeebling sophism that has entered into our work. It is true that Religion is personal; but it is not merely individual. It is a common life, shared and undivided, free and flowing, to the very bound and verge of its whole nature and operations. And as for its being a thing that cannot be given, it is, properly speaking, the only thing we can give. We cannot give culture—we may talk a whole year to our class about science, or manners, or truth, and at the end of the year we may not have advanced our boys and girls one inch along that road. But we can give Religion. It is a flame that easily catches on. It is the most contagious of human forces. It has a very low age limit. It speaks between souls when nothing else can. It is the one thing that every teacher can give. It does not indeed make general culture and education in the teacher unnecessary, but it does not depend upon these. It can be given by a teacher of very little education, and if a teacher has succeeded in giving it he has succeeded in the important point, even if he has failed in every other respect.

There is indeed room here for one heart-searching and terrible difficulty. But, happily, it is one from which no one need flinch. Let us meet it boldly. In order to *give* Religion, we . . . . ! Yes, I leave the objection unspoken. And the answer is, 'Well, you must *get* it!' As somebody said to John Wesley, Preach faith till you have it! Go on teaching even if you doubt whether you have religion yourself. It is what everyone may get, and therefore give. But even here the collective idea will help us. For in the arrangement of our school service we might aim much more at the church idea than we usually do. More attention might be paid to the importance of reverence during prayers and hymns. More symbolism might well be introduced into the worship. For the elder scholars there might be more stress laid upon the preparation for passing into the fuller life of the church.

This I believe to be the central truth about the school. All our problems turn upon it.

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

E. ROSALIND LEE

IV.—The Voyage

THE day of departure being near at hand, the whole congregation gathered together for the last time in their usual meeting place on the Klogsteg, and here John Robinson delivered his famous 'Farewell Discourse.' It contained much good advice to those from whom he was so soon to part, and towards whom he felt a very tender and fatherly affection. He urged them to cling together in their new home, 'not nourishing a touchy humour.' He begged them 'with their common employments to join common affection truly bent upon the general good,' and above all to be tolerant and charitable towards people holding opinions different from theirs. The whole discourse is inspired by a beautiful spirit of trust in God and hope for the future, and must have brought comfort and strength to many an aching heart. For aching hearts there must have been; even the boldest and most enterprising could not look forward to the future without some sad forebodings. But they wisely did not allow themselves to think too much about the sad side of things. Instead they cheered each other with the thought that they were pilgrims who were setting out to a better country. This name of pilgrim has stuck to them ever since, so that it is as the 'Pilgrim Fathers' that they will always remain in our memories.

It was on a fine morning in July, 1620, that the band of 'pilgrims' set forth in barges from a canal wharf in Leyden to Delftshaven about fourteen miles away. Here they found a small vessel, the Speedwell, waiting to take them across to Southampton. Most of their Leyden comrades and some old friends from Amsterdam came as far as Delftshaven to see the travellers off. There was not much time for the last sad farewells, and soon the signal for the start was given—a volley of muskets, answered by the guns of the Speedwell. Sail was hoisted, and with the last waving of handkerchiefs the little band of adventurers realised that their pilgrimage had begun, and that there could be no turning back.

A fair wind brought them to Southampton before many days had passed,

Here a rather larger vessel, the Mayflower, was lying ready to accompany the Speedwell on the long Atlantic voyage. Some of the passengers and luggage had to be transferred to the larger vessel, and this took time. There was business to be done too with the Virginia Company, and this also caused delay; so there was time for Pastor Robinson to remember the numerous last words which he had not had time to say to his people, and to write a long letter for them to receive before they left England.

At last the travellers and their luggage were suitably divided between the 'Mayflower' and the 'Speedwell,' and on August 5th both vessels weighed anchor and sailed out past the cliffs of the Isle of Wight into the English Channel. They had not gone far, however, when the 'Speedwell' sprang a leak. Both ships had to put in to Dartmouth while the damage was repaired. Again they started out and again they were hindered. This time they had gone about three hundred miles west of the Land's End when the 'Speedwell' was declared to be unseaworthy. There was nothing for it but to put back to Plymouth. By this time the courage of the more fainthearted was beginning to fail them, so it was decided that the 'Speedwell' should be left behind altogether with the passengers who were afraid to face the voyage. This meant a heavier burden for the 'Mayflower,' which finally set out alone on September 6th with about a hundred passengers. A few of these had joined the band at Southampton, but by far the greater number came from Leyden.

Nowadays when great liners float down the Mersey and Southampton Water nearly every day, and arrive at New York in less than a week, we do not think it a very wonderful thing to cross the Atlantic; but of course it was very different in 1620. Only a few captains had ventured across the dreary waste of waters, and there were many tales of shipwreck. Only a year before the 'Mayflower' set out, some of the Amsterdam Puritans had a terrible experience. One hundred and eighty of them had sailed for Virginia, but they were driven out of their course by storms. The fresh water ran short, the captain and most of the crew fell ill and died, and when they at last reached their destination their leader and several others were dead. Only fifty survived. This story did not deter our Leyden friends, however, from their enterprise. They had tested their powers in Holland, and believed it was not with them 'as with other men whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again.' The hard times they had already passed through together had strengthened them and helped them to bear further trials. These they were not likely to escape, for not only was the 'Mayflower' overladen with passengers, but also the food and water were scanty even for the original number, so that in addition to the ordinary perils of a voyage there was the dread of famine at the end of it. Having started late in the season they could not hope to reach land until winter had set in. True, there were English already settled in Virginia, but little help could be reckoned on from them. It would be very difficult for a small colony to provide for a hundred unexpected guests for a whole winter.

For some time after the final start from Plymouth all went well. The wind was favourable, and the 'Mayflower' was able to keep to her proper course, but about half-way across the ocean the Pilgrims were met by the full force of the gales, which are generally severe at that time of the year. Even to-day Atlantic storms sometimes play havoc with the monster steamboats of 10,000 tons burden; how much more then were they to be feared by those on board the little 'Mayflower' of 150 tons burden, with only sails to take her over the waves. The vessel was so much damaged that even the captain was anxious for her safety. Some of the passengers suggested returning, but, as the captain pointed out, it was as far to go back as to go on, so there was nothing for it but to make the best of things as they were. One storm after another beat against the ship. For whole days and nights the waves washed over her from stem to stern, forcing the passengers to crowd below. John Howland, having ventured on deck one day, was immediately washed overboard, but he caught hold of a rope and was hauled up safe and sound. Only one person died, but there was much suffering and discomfort, especially amongst the women and children.

At last, nine weeks after leaving Plymouth, on November 9th, land was sighted to the great joy of all. It was soon discovered, however, that they had been driven out of their course by the gales they had encountered. The coast they were approaching was that of Cape Cod, miles away north of Virginia, and even north of the Dutch station on Manhattan Island (now New York).

What was to be done? The captain said that the course southwards was very dangerous, and it would take a long while to reach Virginia; also, having once seen land, the passengers were in a hurry to reach it, so it was decided to give up the original plan, and to land at the nearest convenient spot. The captain accordingly made for the north of Cape Cod, and rounding it, dropped anchor in the large sheltered harbour now known as Provincetown Harbour. Bradford tells us that 'Being thus arrived in a good harbour and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean.'

Thankful as they all were to reach land, they nevertheless realised that there were many difficulties still before them. Most pressing of all was the need of some authority to prevent disorder. Before they left England, rules had been drawn up for the guidance of the colonists on their arrival in Virginia, but these rules did not apply to Cape Cod Bay. Fortunately the danger was perceived before any serious disturbance arose. All the men were called together in the cabin of the 'Mayflower,' and there they all signed a solemn agreement, known as 'The Compact,' binding themselves to do all in their power to keep order, to make good laws for the colony, and to obey them when made. They then chose John Carver 'a man godly and well approved amongst them,' as their Governor for the first year.

V.—Choosing a Home

There was no time to be lost if the settlers wished to provide themselves with shelter on land during the cold American winter; but before any building could be begun they had to find a suitable place to build on. This was no easy matter, nor a very safe one, as it was a quite unknown country they had to explore. It was quite likely that it would be inhabited by Indians who might resent the appearance of the white men; and as for wild animals, there was no knowing how many there might be lurking in the woods. Then it was very important to choose a place with a good harbour and plenty of fresh water. Much of the future prosperity of the colony would depend upon this first settlement. It would be necessary to have timber near by for building the houses, and good soil for growing corn. At present there were no cattle, but in time these would probably be sent over from England, and they would require pasture near enough to the houses to be protected from enemies. All these things had to be considered, so the exploring parties had no light task before them.

You will see on the map of the United States that there was a long piece of coast to explore round the bay formed by Cape Cod. The narrow part of Cape Cod that points north is very sandy and desolate, but it was the nearest land to the 'Mayflower,' so it was the first visited by the Pilgrims. The first party that went ashore consisted of sixteen men well armed, and a few others who were to bring back firewood. The narrow neck of land was covered with trees of all sorts. The explorers wandered about through the wood all day. They found plenty of cedar trees, which provided them with good firewood, but no water. The only sounds were of the sea and of a few birds, which only made the loneliness more marked and oppressive; there was no sign of mankind. They returned to the 'Mayflower' with this news, and after a day's rest set off again, with Miles Standish for their leader. This second expedition was more exciting than the first had been. When they had walked along the shore for some little distance in single file, the front man caught sight of six Indians and a dog. These immediately ran into the wood, Standish and his men after them. Run as they would, however, they could not catch up the redskins. They tracked them for about ten miles, but could go no further owing to the darkness. They slept out in the woods that night, taking it in turns to keep watch three at a time. The next morning they made an early start, but were more bent on finding water than Indians. At last after much scrambling they came to a deep valley; here they

saw a deer, and soon found springs of fresh water, from which they drank with great delight. Soon afterwards they came to traces of men. They found smooth ground where corn had been planted, and then they came to rough heaps of sand. They dug into these and found bows and arrows and an old pot or two, but they did not disturb them further when they found that the heaps were the graves of warriors. Further on they were rejoiced to find another heap of sand in which was stored a great basket of Indian corn, sometimes called maize—' a very goodly sight.' They could not carry away all the corn, much as they would have liked to do so, but they filled their pockets, and also an old kettle which they found near by. They covered over the rest and marked the place for another time. This was not all. Later on they came across two canoes, and once in the depths of the forest a cunning contrivance for catching deer. The trap, which was made of a bent branch, was in good working order, as one of the party found to his cost, for as he was examining it by a sudden jerk he was caught by the leg, but was soon released by his friends. Finding nothing more of interest they returned to the ' Mayflower ' with the good news of the store of corn.

A few days later another party set out. By this time winter was arrived in real earnest. ' It blowed and did snow all day and night, and froze withal.' They took the ' shallop,' as their boat was called, straight to the place where the corn had been found, and having loaded her with it, a few men rowed back to the ship and the rest went further afield. As before, the first things they found were graves, this time very elaborate ones. In addition to bows and arrows there were mats and bowls and dishes. Near by were discovered two huts. The walls were made of young trees, lined inside with mats. There was a hole in the roof for a chimney. Although there was no one about, there were many signs of people having only recently left. There was a freshly killed deer, and many wooden bowls and earthen pots lying about. Some of the party wanted to make this their village, but others were unwilling, as there was very little water to be had. One of the seamen had been to Cape Cod before, and he thought he knew of a good harbour on the other side of the bay, so they all returned to the ' Mayflower ' and prepared to make a further expedition in the shallop.

On the 6th of December a party of eighteen set out in the shallop. It included the mate and pilot of the ' Mayflower,' Bradford, and Winslow; as usual Miles Standish was at the head. It was so bitterly cold that the water froze on their clothes, and the wind made the sea very rough. They first went south for about seven miles, keeping as much as possible under the shelter of the shore. Just after passing a narrow creek they came in sight of a part of the shore on which were about twelve Indians ' very busy about a black thing,' so busy that they did not at first observe the approaching boat. As soon as they did so, they fled inland, carrying something heavy with them. The explorers did not trouble to follow them, but went on a mile or two further before landing. Having found a suitable spot, they barricaded themselves in for the night. Four or five miles away they could see the fire made by the Indians, but they were not disturbed.

The next morning they explored the shore near by and found two small streams of fresh water. The shore was strewn with large black things, which were found to be dead grampus. These great unwieldy creatures are something like a small whale, about twenty feet long and very fat. They had been cast up at high water, and could not get away because of the frost and ice. The explorers went on till they reached the place where the Indians had been seen the day before. As they expected, the black thing which had occupied so much of the Indians' attention was yet another grampus, so they called the place Grampus Bay. It is the place marked on some maps as Wellfleet. Leaving the shallop here they started to follow the tracks of the Indians, but though they wandered about all day, and found a few houses, they never saw anything of the natives. Tired and hungry they returned to the shallop, and made a camp for the night close to the shore. They had not been asleep long when the watchman called out, ' Arm, arm ! ' and immediately a great and hideous cry was heard. They all arose and picked up their muskets, but as soon as a few shots had been fired there was silence, and supposing that the

noise was after all only foxes or wolves they turned in again. They were up early in the morning, and some of them took their muskets to the boat before breakfast.

Bradford shall tell you what happened next: 'Anon all upon a sudden we heard a great and strange cry which we knew to be the same voices, though they varied their notes. One of our company being abroad came running in and cried, "They are men! Indians! Indians!" and withal their arrows came flying amongst us. Our men ran out with all speed to recover their arms, as by good providence of God they did. In the meantime Captain Miles Standish . . . . made a shot, and after him another. After they two had shot, other two of us were ready. . . . We called to know how it was with them (who were guarding the boat). They answered, "Well well" and "Be of good courage." . . . . The cry of our enemies was dreadful, especially when our men ran out to recover their arms. Their note was after this manner, "Woach, woach, ha ha hach woach." Our men were no sooner come to their arms but the enemy was ready to assault them. There was a lusty man, and no whit less valiant, who was thought to be their captain, stood behind a tree within half a musket shot of us and there let his arrows fly at us. . . . He stood three shots of a musket. At length one took, as he said, full aim at him; after which he gave an extraordinary cry, and away they went all. We followed them about a quarter of a mile, but we left six to keep our shallop. Then we shouted all together twice and shot off a couple of muskets, and so returned. This we did that they might see we were not afraid of them nor discouraged.'

Such was their famous 'First Encounter with the Indians.' No one had been hit, though many of the coats, which were hanging up, had been shot through and through. Many arrows were picked up, some headed with brass, others with hart's horn, and others with eagle's claws. Some of these were sent home to England later on as trophies.

All that day the little company sailed on along the coast, but they found no suitable landing-place. At first the wind was good, but after an hour or two it began to snow and rain, and as the wind rose the sea began to be very rough. The boat was sadly battered by the waves. The rudder was broken, so they had to trust for steering to two men with oars. As night came on the pilot cheered them up by saying that he saw the harbour he was aiming for, but on coming nearer he found he was mistaken. He gave a warning shout, and the men just had time to turn the boat round and prevent her from being smashed on the rocks. Exhausted by battling with the elements, the men made for the sheltered side of a piece of land they saw in the distance. Here most of them went ashore, but some, afraid of the savages, preferred to stay in the boat all night. They forgot their fears, however, when the wind shifted to the north-west and caused everything to freeze hard. Then they were very glad to join their braver companions on shore. In the morning they discovered that they were on an uninhabited island, so being secure from Indians, and the day being Sunday, they took a day's rest. They named the place Clarke's Island, after the mate, who had been the first to land. The island proved to be at the mouth of a very good harbour, which they explored the next day. At a point on the mainland they found 'divers cornfields and little running brooks a place very good for situation.' Perhaps they had all had enough of exploring. Anyhow they agreed that this was just the place for their purpose, and returned joyfully to the 'Mayflower' with this news.

The 'Mayflower' was now brought across the Bay, and the Pilgrims made their final choice of a home. They decided to take up their abode on some high ground which had already been cleared. The land sloped gently down to the sea, and the site had the additional attraction of a good brook with a plentiful supply of fish. On December 16th about twenty people slept for the first time on the chosen spot. The rock is still shown on which they must all have stepped when first coming ashore.

(To be concluded.)

The greatness of leading personalities consists in this—that they comprehend the national aspirations and turn to account favouring circumstances.

For nothing other than a noble aim
Up from its depths can stir humanity;
The narrow circle narrows, too, the mind,
And man grows greater as his ends are great.

W. E. Gladstone (translation).

THE BOYS' OWN BRIGADE

JOHN C. BALLANTYNE

'PLEASE, sir, can't we 'ave a Camp this year?' 'Please, is it true we're *goin'* to Camp?' 'Please, sir, 'ow much will it be to go to Camp?'

The officers of the London Battalion, B.O.B. have listened to these and many other like questions during the past two months, and have answered them, be it said, to the deep satisfaction of the boys under their charge: for, owing largely to the generous kindness of a warm-hearted friend, we are to have a Battalion Summer Camp, under canvas, by the sea; and 'Deal' with us is a word to conjure with just now. Visions of bathing parades, meals in a marquee, 'fatigue duties' which resolve into games on closer acquaintance, route marches, and all the delights of summer life by the shore, fill the thoughts of those of our boys who are to be able to join us; and our officers, too, look forward with lively pleasure to this opportunity of closer companionship with their boys, and all the increased power for good which this will bring.

Shooting practice? No, the boys possess no weapons of destruction; and their officers bear in their hands no swords, but they bear in their minds an aim, a purpose, which impels them to their work in the midst of this young boy life—work of which the Summer Camp is only one phase, though one of outstanding value.

And this is the aim: 'To increase pure and upright living among boys, and to promote habits of help, obedience, discipline, self-respect, and all that tends towards true manliness.' It is a grand aim, and those who have dedicated themselves to this service are seeking to put into practice the prayer which was put into words by Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

God give us men! A time like this demands
Clear minds, pure hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking.

O, how we need them, these sun-crowned men, pure and upright, with the generous impulse of helpfulness prompting them to support every high and noble cause; and with what wisdom and care we must tend and nourish these young lives around us to-day, which may become, if we labour in the true spirit, the power of the pioneer ranks of to-morrow.

There are men in our cities whose business it is to lead boys into impurity: do *we* make it our business to make them pure? They are beset by temptations on every side; do we strengthen them that they may withstand in the evil day? Strong we must make them, strong in the power of a disciplined will, obedient and quick in response to all the promptings of the Highest that dwells within them. Are we doing enough for the boys of our churches, to enrich their lives and lead them towards true manliness? Citizens of to-morrow, what ideals of citizenship are dawning in their minds to-day?

The workers in the B.O.B., like other 'Boy workers,' have felt the challenge of the situation, and this is their answer: 'We must awake to the splendid opportunities open to us; we must marshall our forces, bring wisdom, discipline, earnestness, co-operation, organisation to bear upon the problem, recognise our common cause, and increase tenfold our power for good, by united effort.' The work has gone on, and now in some of our London churches it is bearing fruit, and those who have given of their best for the Brigade are finding their efforts reflected back in gratifying results in their own local work, which has become vitalised by the association with like activity in other localities.

Our object is advanced, says the Constitution, 'by means of drill (not associated with the use of arms), gymnastic practice, instruction in first-aid, life-saving, etc., musical instruction, religious services, and such clubs, classes, etc., as the officers may deem advisable.' And here lies the peculiar character of Brigade work among boys, that the same principle of association, which so enlivens and enriches all human effort, finds full scope for its influence, not only among the Companies of the Brigade, but among the Squads of each Company, and the boys of each Squad.

All the classes, services, clubs, referred to in the paragraph quoted are conducted in each locality under the ægis of one organisation—the Company. The task of the officers is to increase the efficiency of the Company, to spread abroad the spirit of brotherhood and comradeship among its members, and to establish and preserve traditions having pure and lasting influ-

ence. When the boys meet, the Company is in being: on gymnastic parade, at church parade, at ambulance parade, the Company has met for the furtherance of its purpose: the boy is, to himself, not a mere individual boy, but a member and representative of the Company; its traditions are his guiding principles; his actions are tested according to its standards; its spirit is reflected to a large extent in him, as he in turn may influence its power for good by the spirit which he seeks to introduce into its meetings. Squad competes against squad in healthy rivalry for the honour of contributing the best service towards the Company, and in the Squad Commanders is inculcated a sense of responsibility and a knowledge of their power to co-operate with their officers, which is fruitful in good results.

This spirit of competitive collectivism finds its place, too, among and between the several Companies, each striving to be the 'best' in strength, in 'tone,' in character, that the Battalion to which it belongs may be raised to its highest efficiency, and thus the whole Brigade becomes a living thing, with a power to impart life; a repository of accumulated experience in this branch of the work of our churches, to be drawn upon by present workers, and by those whom we hope to see joining our ranks as time goes on.

And when this spirit of the whole has worked its way into all its parts, and a true 'esprit de corps' has warmed into life throughout the Brigade, then shall we feel that its efforts are blessed; it cannot be a 'one man show,' but every merest recruit may feel that even he can do something to advance the cause for which we stand; that if he works with a will for his squad in Liverpool or Sheffield (where we hope to see Companies established soon) his effort may bear fruit in the character of the inhabitants of Kentish Town and Bethnal Green.

Our Association is still in its infancy. We founded it in 1899 in London, and Companies were started in various parts of the country; but it became impossible to continue the forward movement at that time, and for some years now two Companies have been the only representatives so far as I know. But now life is stirring in us, and many are the expressions of desire that come to us from workers in our schools, that they may join us in the task of 'the making of men.' But the task NEEDS men. Do you, who read this, know of any young men who might help us. Are you perhaps yourself such an one? And will you join us?

In London there are five Companies, at Stamford Street, Rhyl Street, Mansford Street, Essex Church, and George's Row. Their work is progressing: the churches with which they are connected speak with pride of them; and we, their officers, are learning how to encourage and help one another, just where and what are the latent talents among us, which wait to be awakened into life for the good of the cause to which we are dedicated. And what talent is there which we cannot enlist in the service? Is a young man a gymnast? We need his ability. Is he a swimmer? We can use him. A doctor? Two of our Companies have ambulance classes and the other three are waiting for the men. Is he a lover of books? clever with tools? good at amateur magazines? a Sunday school teacher? We welcome all and can utilise every one in the B.O.B.; and most of all do we welcome the co-operation which has been so gladly extended to us by our ministers. In each Company there is a monthly Church Parade, and our chaplains willingly arrange special Sunday services for the boys. But the United Services are our best meetings, and our fullest opportunity, for at these we marshall, over one hundred strong, for the united worship of God, and the deepening of the spirit of sonship among us, and we listen to wise and stirring words from men who say to us at the close, 'We are glad you came here, and you'll make it an annual affair, won't you?' There, while we are gathered as sons of the living God, seeking to be drawn more closely together in the thought of our United Quest, and in the comradeship of our grand Free Faith,—there, while our speakers unfold to us the beauty of our own inspiring motto, 'Quit you like men—be strong!' and seek to guide us to the source of all strength,—there lies our finest opportunity for the 'advancement of pure and upright living among boys.'

Readers desiring further information as to the work of the B.O.B. should write to the Honorary Secretary, 25, Wansey Street, Walworth, London, S.E.

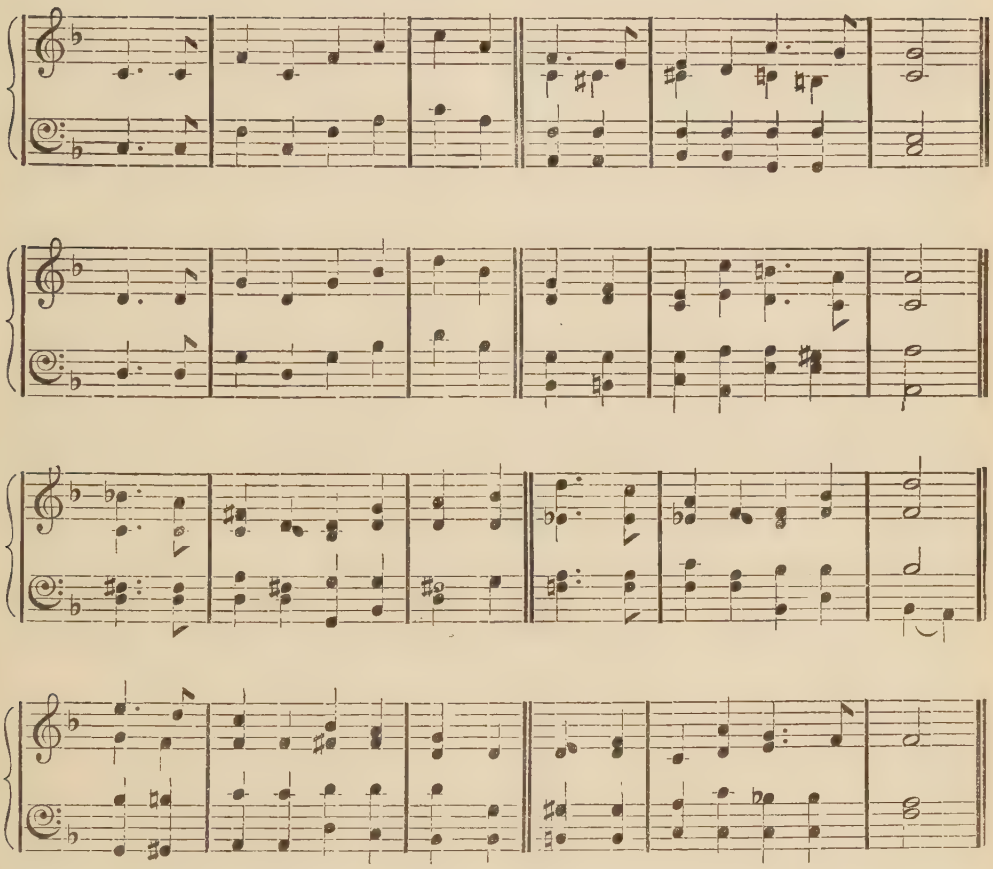
'REVEILLE.'

Words written by W. G. TARRANT, B.A.

Music composed by ARTHUR RUDDOCK, L.R.A.M.

FOR THE

BOYS' OWN BRIGADE.



LIKE a silver bugle blowing
When the night has passed away,
When the flush of dawn is growing
To the brightness of the day,
Comes the fame of England's story,
Comes the call of England's need—
'Rise! defend your country's glory,
And be England's sons indeed!'

Who are these that rally round her
With their faces to the sun?
These are they whose love hath crowned her,
They are true sons every one—
Strong and stalwart, honest-hearted,
Loyal comrades, brave and free,
Like the patriots long departed,
Like the patriots still to be.

England calls them, in the city,
In the field and in the home;
Pledged to honour, pledged to pity,
Pledged to serve the right they come!
Sons of England, march beside them,
With your faces to the sun;
March beside them—God shall guide them
Till the victory is won!

NOTES FOR TEACHERS

JAMES RUDDLE

VIII.—A Song by John Bunyan

[Prefatory Note.—Some time ago it was suggested to me that I might prepare a little book of poems, with accompanying lessons and illustrative selections, for use in our Sunday schools. In endeavouring to make use of this suggestion I have already selected some pieces which are worthy to be called *songs*, little poems full of life and music; and with them some other pieces which are of value not for any sprightliness or beauty of their own, but because, like the 'Proverbs of Solomon,' they tend to give subtilty to the simple, and to impart lessons of justice and mercy. If such a little book should ever get completed one section of it would be something like the following.]

John Bunyan is best known as the author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in the year 1628. He was brought up as a brazier or, as he would say, a tinker. He served for a short time in the army during the Civil War, but when telling us of his own life did not so much as mention on which side he fought. He soon returned to his own home and his own work. He married early; he shortly after went through much perplexity of mind in regard to his sins and the state of his soul, and was converted. He became a Baptist preacher in Bedford, and in the reign of Charles II. was imprisoned for twelve years. By and by set at liberty he became a very popular preacher till his death in 1688. Besides the two great allegories *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Holy War* he wrote a number of shorter religious pieces, mostly very sensational in style, and two works that still have an abiding interest, one called *Grace Abounding*, being the history of his own spiritual experiences, and one called *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, which is valuable because it reproduces for us a good deal of the life of the people in the time of Charles II.; we see their follies, we hear their boasts, we wonder at their impieties and superstitions.

But a view of the better features of life at that same period is given to us in 'The Pilgrim's Progress, and especially in the Second Part of it, from which our song is taken. All the way through 'The Pilgrim's Progress' we meet with people who are interesting and worth knowing, even when they are not as good as they should be. We like to know about Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and the gentleman named Legality and his son called Civility; we do not mind spending an hour with Talkative, we are not sure that Ignorance is quite so foolish as he is represented; and we have an idea that the town of Graceless about two miles distance from Honesty, exists somewhere or other to this very day. In the family stories of the Second Part, with the quiet homely adventures and half playful chat which take the place of the sterner recitals in the first part, we begin to understand that in Bunyan's days people chatted and were friendly, people had homes and friends and neighbours, and occasionally they had enemies and fools to put up with, much as in our day.

In the part from which this song is taken Mr. Valiant-for-Truth has been telling how he heard the story of Christian, of the conflicts he had to go through, and of all the victories he gained; it was also told him how by and by Christian was received with the heartiest welcome at the Celestial City; and all these stories led young Valiant to wish to go on a similar pilgrimage, just as from time immemorial the stories of the hardships and the glories of seafaring life have made young lads desire to go to sea.

Mr. Valiant's Song.

Who would true valour see
  Let him come hither;
One here will constant be
  Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
  To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
  With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound
  His strength the more is;
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
  To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
  Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
  Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll not fear what men say,
He'll labour night and day
  To be a pilgrim.

Note 1.—The Character of the Song.

This is one of the best things in the way of verse to be found in John Bunyan. Generally his verse is crude and forced. Yet there are occasional happy expessions :

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride, etc.

It will be worth the teacher's while to look through both parts of ' The Pilgrim's Progress,' and read to his class such verses as seem worthy. Mr. Valiant's song seems to be suggested by the song of Amiens in Shakespeare's *As you like it.* It is possible that Bunyan had seen Shakespeare's drama performed by some company of strolling players. The Shakespeare song commences thus :—

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Notice that the song in the play is in praise of *leisure* and *enjoyment.* Mr. Valiant's is a song of *active courage.*

Note 2.—The Meaning of the Song.

As the story of ' The Pilgrim's Progress ' is an allegory or parable of the life of the Christian believer, so the song is the expression of Christian faith and courage. It was remarked just now that stories of the hardships of seafaring life have constantly a tendency to excite in young lads a desire to go to sea. It is equally true that the stories of Christian martyrs have constantly aroused the martyr spirit, and that a narrative of the hardships of a Christian missionary's life has often evoked a desire to endure similar conflict and pain for Christ's sake.

When Henry Martyn was a young student at Cambridge he happened to hear a sermon in which a strong plea was made on behalf of the vast territory of British India, where at that time (1801) there was only one English missionary, Dr. Carey. A little later he happened to read the journal of David Brainerd, a young American missionary, who at an early age left a comfortable home to preach to the American Indians, and whose hardships wore out his human frame by the time that he was twenty-nine years old. These words aroused the soul of young Henry Martyn :

' About six at night I lost my way in the wilderness, and wandered over rocks and mountains, down hideous steeps, through swamps and most dreadful and dangerous places. . . . I have frequently been thus exposed, and sometimes lain out the whole night, but God has hitherto preserved me, and blessed be His name ! Such fatigues and hardships as these serve to wean me from the earth, and I trust will make heaven the sweeter. . . . I have no comfort of any kind but what I have in God. I live in the most lonesome wilderness, and have but one person to converse with that can speak English, an Indian. I have no fellow-Christian to whom I can unbosom myself. I live poorly with regard to the comforts of this life, most of my diet consists of boiled corn. . . . I lodge on a bundle of straw, my labour is hard and extremely difficult, and I have little appearance of success to comfort me. The Indians have no land to live on but what the Dutch people lay claim to, and threaten to drive them off from ; they have no regard for the souls of the poor savages, and from what I learn they hate me because I came to preach to them.'

The effect of this statement might have been modified if the writer had added that he always felt great peace of mind. On the contrary, the statement is closed with this sentence : ' *But that which makes all my difficulties grievous to be borne is that God hides His face from me.*'

Not only was Martyn willing to follow in the steps of one who had borne outward privations ; the very conflict of soul, the struggle in darkness of spirit he wished also to share. Bunyan's rugged verses are fully illustrated in the lives of worthy Christian missionaries.

See ' Henry Martyn,' by Jesse Page (Partridge & Co.), and, for further illustrations, stories of the missionary labours of the Moravians.

IX.—Two Poems of William Cowper

William Cowper was born on November 26th, 1731, and died on April 25th, 1800. There are curious contrasts to be noted both in his life and his works. Few men ever lived sadder more melancholy lives, yet his letters are often delightfully bright and interesting. His religious belief in-

cluded some of the most dreadful superstitions that have ever vexed the minds of good men; but his hymns included strains of the sweetest trust and gratitude. He was for many years subject to attacks of insanity; yet most of his writings are still more notable for their good sense and manly spirit than for any power of poetic imagination, or any special gift of song. One of the unhealthiest and most unpleasant hymns still sometimes sung in prayer-meetings ('There is a fountain filled with blood), was written by the poet Cowper; but by him also was written the delightful nursery ballad, 'John Gilpin,' which has been the delight of children from the time it was first written, and is just as popular to-day as it was in the days when our grandfathers were young. The following fable may be considered as a typical example of didactic verse, that is, verse written with the primary intention of teaching a moral.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus quite eloquent,—
'Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
'As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the selfsame power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.
Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting, in each other's case,
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

The following poem deals with the subject of slavery. Cowper's hatred of slavery and of all the pretences by which it was justified or excused is quite in harmony with the general sanity and good sense shown in his treatment of moral subjects. Limited knowledge sometimes led him to take the wrong side in disputed questions, but his moral instincts were sound, his conscience keen, and, when Calvinism did not thwart his reason his principles were just.

It will be easy for even a young reader to understand that the excuses which were made on behalf of slavery, and which Cowper happily satirises in this poem, are, in effect, the very excuses which are always made for dealing unjustly with people weaker than ourselves. We would like to do right, but it is so awkward, and if we do not commit the wrong others will, and so on. Because similar excuses are still made for injustice, the poem should be learned and remembered as well for instruction as for amusement.

PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

Video meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor.[1]

I own I am shocked at the purchase of slaves,
And fear those who buy them and sell them are knaves;
What I hear of their hardships, their tortures and groans
Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.

I pity them greatly, but I must be mum,
For how could we do without sugar and rum?
Especially sugar, so needful we see;
What give up our desserts, our coffee and tea?

Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains;
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will;
And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,
Much more in behalf of your wish might be said;
But while they get riches by purchasing blacks,
Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind
A story so put, you may think it is coined,
On purpose to answer you, out of my mint;
But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A youngster at school more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

[1] This has been paraphrased in English verse:—
I know the right and I approve it too,
I hate the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered—
'Oh, no!
What! rob our good neighbour? I pray you
don't go;
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread:
Then think of his children for they must be fed.'

'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have:
If you will go with us, you shall have a share;
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

They spoke, and Tom pondered—'I see they
will go:
Poor man! What a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the
tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.'

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder but pitied the man.

NOTE.—The teacher may easily prepare himself by a common dictionary to explain the very few difficult words in these two pieces. It will not be difficult for him to extend the application of the moral. Thus in the first poem Cowper admonishes *jarring sectaries* against a spirit of strife, and urges them to appreciate each other's good qualities. The advice is still much needed by political parties, by rival newspapers, and especially by those who imagine that to say evil things of another country is a sort of proof that you love your own. Nothing of the kind; it only shows that you love the noise of your own raspy tongue. If you are proud of British bluntness learn to appreciate the Frenchman's pride in his countrymen's politeness. If you are proud to belong to the race that knows how to govern, appreciate those nations that count it a virtue to be quietly governed. The German, the Russian, the Jap, the Chinaman, have all virtues that we may very well admire and emulate.

In the second piece what is said of excuses for slavery will easily apply to excuses for war, excuses for deception in business, even excuses for an unscrupulous use of the principle of competition. The teacher will easily find cases quite parallel to that of the boy who pitied the man but took a mean advantage of him. I have been told that English soldiers who served in the opium war in China declared that *it seemed a shame* to fight with men who at that time were in the presence of our own soldiers almost as helpless as children. Many a man has driven a cruel bargain, when chance has given him an opportunity, and admitted afterwards that it did not seem right. I suppose it did not seem right to Jacob when he had driven his monstrous bargain with Esau about the birthright.

There are so many illustrations in Cowper's letters of his sound sense, delicate feeling, and lively sympathy that it is difficult to select. Here is a paragraph from a letter to the Rev. William Unwin:—

> You never said a better thing in your life than when you assured Mr. Smith of the expediency of a gift of bedding to the poor of Olney. There is no one article of the world's comforts, with which, as Falstaff says, they are so heinously unprovided. When a poor woman and an honest one, whom we know well, carried home two pair of blankets, a pair for herself and husband and a pair for her six children; as soon as the children saw them they jumped out of their straw, caught them in their arms, kissed them, and danced for joy. An old woman, a very old one, the first night that she found herself so comfortably covered, could not sleep a wink, being kept awake by the contrary emotions, of transport on the one hand, and the fear of not being thankful enough on the other. Adieu.—W.C.

Here is a short paragraph of harmless nonsense, taken from a rather long letter all in the same style. The children will soon detect its peculiarity:—

> I have heard before, of a room with a floor, laid down upon springs and such like things, with so much art in every part, that when you went in you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere Madam and you are quite worn out with jigging about, I take my leave, and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me—W.C.

Let us think of Cowper as one who in suffering was cast down but not destroyed, who in his poems was a sage adviser, and in his letters a cheery companion. In his love of Nature he was sincere but not pre-eminent, in his love to Christ there was a deep never-disturbed loyalty that remained constant amid all the terrors of superstition and all the perplexities of life

[See Life of Cowper in Men of Letters series, and his letters in the Golden Treasury, or the World's Classics series.]

X.—Two Songs by Robert Burns

It would be an amazing thing to compile a selection of songs and easy poems and not to take at the least one or perhaps two pieces from the greatest modern song writer, Robert Burns. Yet it were more just to pass him by for this time altogether than to take verses which are not characteristic of the man. When from our hymn books we sing Burns's version of the First Psalm, or the Ninetieth Psalm, or the Prayer in prospect of death, we are using little devotional hymns that have nothing special in them. They only remind us that the greatest poet is also a man, and naturally goes to God with prayers and fears and trembling hopes like those of another man.

But the very life of Robert Burns was his power of song. Out of that come his greatest triumphs, his greatest trials, and his deepest miseries. For it made him unlike other men, it took him out of the narrower sphere of life which might otherwise have been his; it gave him fame, it filled him with great hopes and ambitions; it gave him the giddy delight of popularity; it did not and could not ensure him either a tranquil or a prosperous career.

To tell the story of his life would take much more space than can here be spared. And it is certain that in time to come Burns will be remembered and loved not for the facts that can be related of him, but for the songs and poems that reveal his innermost spirit, and awaken an answering spirit in other men. How well he understood himself. How distinctly he knew that it was the spirit of mirth and music, the spirit of poetry which was his true glory. Listen to this crazily expressed but delightfully accurate description of himself:—

There was a lad was born in Kyle
But what'n a day o' what'n a style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.
Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin' rovin' rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast of Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' sho who lives will see the proof,
This waby boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma'
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin' rovin' rantin' rovin;
Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

From early days Burns dreamt that there would come a time when his countrymen would be proud of him; from early days he tells us himself that he had an inward yearning desire that at the very least he would sing a song that Scotland would remember:—

That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or beuk should make
Or sing a sang at least.

And it may truly be said that no dream was ever more fully realised. He is a sort of sacred name to the Scot. And by those who have never passed beyond the Tweed, and who have to use a glossary in order to understand some of his liveliest and brightest lines, he is given a very high place among those who have added much to the delight of life. We love him as one who sings with us in 'Auld Lang Syne'; who talks to us bewitchingly in 'Tam o' Shanter'; who sounds the note of sorrow in the verses, 'To Mary in Heaven'; and who when we have forgotten what was worthless both in his works and in his life leaves us with a treasury of good things that cannot be tarnished and will not be destroyed. The two specimen songs given below are two of the simplest little love songs to be found in any writer:—

I love my Jean.

Of a' the airts the wind can blow
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row
And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain shaw or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

A Red, Red Rose.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou my bonie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear!
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Some might ask what is the *moral* of such songs as these from Burns; they require no moral, they are like the open fields and the fresh air of heaven a moral in themselves. Their sprightly rhythm, their clear simplicity, their frank truthfulness are their sufficient praise. Whoso learns them and loves them will have more sympathy with the merry, wild-headed young one who for all his pranks may live one day to do his parents credit; more sympathy with the young man to whom the world is made beautiful by his faith and love; more admiration for the young fellow whose practical turn of mind keeps him to the realities of life. For such a one may indeed begin with poetic talk, but like the song last quoted he will end with a clear, honestly-meant promise in the language of common prose. To love human life as it is, and to love frank, manly characters as they are—these are the effects of good honest songs, and by these tests the quality of a song may be tested.

In another section we shall have more to say on the value of a genuine song. Just a word now on the subject of the two songs just quoted. They are love songs. As in all the best songs of their kind, the holiness of love, its perfect purity and high moral worth, is taken for granted. To him who rightly appreciates human life all its periods are sacred. Those who learn to reverence the child, learn also to reverence the parent. The lack of reverence and of a sense of awe is a curse at any period of life. The boisterous singer of the 'health of all good lasses' is the type of man who becomes later a disbeliever in the goodness of any. He who goes to the marriage service in the spirit of the Prayer-book expression, 'with my body I thee worship,' is the man who will be likely later on to have true reverence for the wife and mother. The little song, 'John Anderson my jo, John,' which Madame Patey used to sing with almost heart-breaking expression, should be read in connexion with the two songs I have given. As these express in almost playful words, but in simple sincerity, the love and worship of the young man for the young woman, so that expresses the calm and contented trust which is the growth of many years of chequered experience.

[No special reference to editions of Burns is needed. No poet has been praised with more reckless want of discrimination; few poets so well illustrate almost every grade of merit and demerit. The brief vocabulary below will be sufficient for the songs given.]

What'n a style. i.e., whether the date was reckoned by Old Style or New Style.

Our monarch's hindmost year. Burns was born in January, 1759, the last year but one of George II.'s reign.

Keekit in his loof. Looked at the palm of his hand.

Waby boy. . . coof. Fine, large child . . . fool.

Aboon. Above.

Airts. Points from which the wind blows.

Hansel. A gift, good luck.

THE JUST-AS-YOU-ARE LAND

I, Cosmopolo Peter, was there last week. Whether I shall go there again, I do not know. Very likely I shall have to. But I assure you that it is not altogether pleasant. You shall judge.

The really funny thing about the people is that they grow differently from the way in which we grow. Their bodies change with their thoughts, so that everybody knows at once just what kind of thoughts are in the minds of those whom they meet. Nobody can keep a secret about his character! Let me try to describe a few of these strange folk, and you will see what I mean. There were some who had very big heads, large foreheads, and eyes sunk back; on their faces, which were the colour of iron, was a hard look. They were

people who knew a great deal, and thought a great deal, but they had little or no love. And so they were avoided as much as possible, and feared, and even hated. Others had heads quite small, but a smile lighted up their faces. They seemed to be friends with almost everybody. For they were kindly souls, who were always ready to do others a good turn. But they were silly; they had not much knowledge or many thoughts, and so they were always making foolish mistakes, and getting into scrapes, and making the wise angry. A third sort had long arms, reaching down sometimes to the ground, and very big hands. They were people who would not work, but who lived by stealing. It was pretty hard for them, because there was no doing things in such secret that no one would imagine them guilty. The police never had to get evidence against them. Their arms were that. A fourth kind had huge bodies, so huge that they could not walk, and had to be wheeled about in tremendous bath-chairs. Their heads could hardly have been seen but for their mouths, which were about four times as large as the biggest mouths I have ever seen in England. No doubt about them. They were always eating and drinking; and nothing else pleased them. Others, some with large, some with slight bodies, had even smaller heads, indeed their eyes, nose, and mouth seemed to be in a straight line, on the top of which, without any forehead, their scanty hair grew. They were horrible to look on, and evidently had few thoughts, and no love. Such people as they we call criminals, among ourselves. Lastly there were some who were like the people we know, only more beautiful. Their features were finely formed and regular. A smile often lighted up their thoughtful faces. They seemed to love you as soon as they looked at you, and you felt that you must love them. They were people who knew much, who thought much, and who loved much. And I was interested to see them going about among their fellows, and trying to make life a nobler thing for them: it was hard work, but I saw some results. On the hard face of a thinker here and there began to steal a kindlier look, and I knew that love was being born in his heart. The heads of a few of the silly good grew a little, and I knew that they were beginning to have more thoughts, and to become wise. The arms of some thieves were shortening, and their hands getting less, and I knew that they were trying, with success, to be honest. The bodies of the fearfully fat lessened, and here and there one was able to walk a few steps, and their mouths diminished; I knew that they were finding that there is something better to do than spoil their stomachs, and with it spoil their minds and their hearts. The heads of some who had hardly any at all were beginning to rise, and their noses to show a little above their mouths, and their eyes above their noses, and their foreheads above their eyes, so that they really looked human; and I knew that the bad people were turning over a new leaf, and becoming better, and would slowly become as thoughtful in mind and as loving in heart as the best.

And I came away wondering how I had seemed to them, and how we should all look to one another if our bodies showed just what we are thinking? I thought too, why! what a wonderful influence those folk who have much knowledge, many thoughts, and loving hearts have!

How, really, would you like to go for a week's holiday into the Just-as-you-are Land?

HYMN: THE SOWER'S TOIL

A. N. BLATCHFORD

A SOWER went forth, as the silver dawn
Broke over the distant hill;
And bore his seed to scatter afield,
The furrows of earth to fill.

He fainted not in the sultry wind,
That blew from the desert nigh;
He gave no heed to clouds that arose
To darken the gleaming sky.

The precious seed, that he freely flung,
In waste by the way-side lay,
To feed the wand'ring bird of the air,
Or die in the glare of day.

Yet on he fared: but along the wold
The twilight was creeping fast;
And night came down, as weary and lone,
In silence he sank at last.

The sower was gone: but, in God's own time,
The field he had tilled was seen
In splendour clad, with ripening corn
That wav'd o'er the upland green.

O Lord of life! in thy service high,
No labour shall e'er be vain:
And sowers must toil, if reapers, at last,
May harvest the golden grain.

THE QUESTION OF BIBLE TEACHING[1]

R. K. DAVIS, B.A.

THERE is an old philosophical puzzle—a puzzle many people think ought to be faced and answered—which concerned itself about the priority of the hen and the egg.

I have often thought our question as difficult to answer as that is: still, while there is no immediate hurry for the solution of the one, there is urgent necessity for the settlement of ours, and for these reasons.

In giving them, let me commence with a quotation from a speech made by the Archbishop of Canterbury quite recently at the opening of a training college for Sunday school teachers. 'Do we,' he asked, 'realise what a big factor in English life our Sunday schools are? Do we recognise that more than one-fifth of the whole population of England and Wales is now under instruction in our Sunday schools?' Satisfactory figures are difficult to obtain, but in 1833 a Parliamentary return shewed that one in nine of the population was a Sunday school scholar. The latest available figures are those of 1906, and they shewed that there were six and a half millions of Sunday school scholars—that is more than one in every five of the population.'

I quote this to give some idea of the number of children in Sunday schools in England and Wales, and also with the view of indicating the vital importance of our work. We have placed under our charge children to whom we have to give moral and religious instruction—perhaps the only religious instruction they will ever receive, as children. I cannot mention any more important work in regard to children, unless it is that of feeding them properly.

The characters of these children are largely in our hands, since they are sent to us for religious instruction.

Are our schools fulfilling their mission?

No one will deny, I think, that an enormous amount of good work is being done by all Sunday schools, ours included. But the question is—could they not do a great deal better than they are doing to make their efforts more effective and lasting?

The Archbishop feels that at any rate in regard to the Church of England something can be done, and so he has opened at Blackheath, St. Christopher's College, which is a training college for Sunday school teachers—the first, I believe, of its kind in this country. I am sure we all feel the need of such an institution, and wish we had something of the sort in connexion with our churches.

But I am giving you reasons why I think we ought to try to settle this question of Bible teaching in our Sunday schools.

The Church of England feels the need of more efficient teachers. This, I think, would apply to all denominations more or less. But in my view, our peculiar need—I call it a peculiar need because I do not think it is felt by other Sunday schools—*our great need is for a more uniform and a more definite religious instruction.* I will state three reasons why I consider there is this need:—

(1) Our scholars are not, as a rule, going into the church or chapel after leaving our Sunday schools.

(2) The general inability of both old and young, to state any definite religious belief when asked for it.

(3) The chaotic, non-religious, and often non-moral character of much of the teaching given in our Sunday schools.

The first two, of course, follow from the last. If much of our teaching is chaotic, non-religious, and non-moral, it naturally follows that our scholars, when they grow up, will not feel any necessity for attending Divine worship and will be unable to state any religious convictions. Now this is the opinion I have formed from my own small experience of Sunday schools. But I must also add that I have heard the same thing stated by those who ought to know when speaking on this subject.

Now this is what is alleged to be happening in *many* of our Sunday schools—in *some* it certainly is. The teacher instead of carefully preparing a moral or religious lesson for his or her class, is taking a story-book to read to the scholars. In *many*, if not *most* cases, the books are not what may be termed religious books at all. They are often 'Stories for Boys' or 'Stories for Girls,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' Grimm's

[1] A Paper read before the London Sunday School Society.

Fairy Tales, and so on. Annie Swan, G. A. Henty, Silas Hocking, are particular favourites, I believe, in many Sunday schools. I am not going to say a word against these books or authors, or deny that they might often be used by teachers to bring out a lesson more forcibly to a class. But I do say this—merely to read a story of this description to a class, is not fulfilling the object Sunday schools have in view, which is to impart moral and religious instruction to the scholars.

How often is the Bible used in our schools? Very seldom, we must confess. That is why we are always discussing the question of Bible teaching.

Here is a book full of moral and religious instruction—a book that has been worshipped and reverenced for centuries—a book that is full of stories, of parables, of precepts, of hymns, and of noble characters not equalled anywhere in the literature of the world. Why, then, is it not generally used in our Sunday schools? Why are our scholars generally said to be ignorant of the Bible and, not only our *scholars*, but even our *adults* as well?

Having put these questions, I must try to answer them.

(1) Is it because we have ceased to believe in it? I hardly think this is the case. On the contrary, many Unitarians hold that they alone believe in the Bible in the proper way, since they alone can accept the results of the Higher Criticism.

It is not, then, because we consider that critical methods have destroyed the worth of the Bible that we do not teach it. In proof of this, we point to the unqualified praise of the Bible by the Higher Critics themselves; and also to the statements in regard to it by our religious leaders, who affirm that criticism has not only *not* destroyed the worth of the Bible for us, but that, on the contrary, it has made it more intelligible to us and made us realise its worth all the more, seeing that its spiritual and moral value has come out unscathed from the furnace of criticism.

(2) Is it then, because we feel that the Higher Criticism cannot be taught to children?

As I believe that many teachers consider that it would be foolish to do so, I must be pardoned for discussing the question more deeply. The objection, I think, runs as follows:—

'We cannot teach the Bible as other denominations do, since we do not believe in it in the same way. To teach it to our scholars we should have to bring in the Higher Criticism, and can we—it is asked in horror—can we teach the Higher Criticism to infants?'

From the way in which the phrase, the Higher Criticism, is used, one would imagine that it was some mysterious and wonderful doctrine into which only the profoundly learned could be initiated.

Since I believe that we ought and must teach it to children, let us consider what it means.

As most people know, it is the phrase used in contrast to another kind of criticism, i.e., the Lower Criticism, which concerns itself with questions of the original text, the actual words written by a particular author. Higher Criticism deals with questions of authorship, date, character, and tendency of the books. So that we are all, more or less, Higher Critics in regard to any literature.

The only question is—how much is it necessary to give to the children in certain cases?

But because you cannot give the child all of it, even if you were qualified, it does not follow that you cannot give any. St. Paul found that many of his hearers were incapable of understanding the greater part of his theology, but he didn't, for that reason, give them *none* at all. No, he fed them on 'milk' until they were able to receive 'meat.'

So in regard to children, you may not be able to explain to the youngest of them the Copernican theory of the universe, but that is no reason why you should let them imagine that the sun and moon go round the earth.

But the greater part of the Bible that would naturally be given to children would not involve any Higher Criticism whatever. Take, e.g., the parables of Jesus, many of which, I think, every child should know by heart.

So, again, many of the stories of the Old Testament need little or no Higher Criticism to render them fit to be placed before children. But you, as teachers, certainly will be better able to tell the story if you have a knowledge of the time and circumstances under which it was written. It will then entirely depend

upon yourselves how much you tell your classes.

Many of the beautiful stories of the Old Testament are only explicable with the knowledge of the circumstances under which they were written.

A moral lesson can be obtained without any such knowledge. The great thing is that the teacher would understand it better, and so in consequence, I think, the scholar also, if he had the knowledge in question.

To shew you more definitely what I mean, let me take an instance. Suppose you took on one occasion the 137th Psalm, and wished to explain it and bring out a moral lesson. The Psalm I refer to is the one that opens with the words, 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea! we wept when we remembered Zion,' and closes with that verse which has given sore trouble to many pious believers in the Bible—'Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the rock.'

Now to explain this, one has to know that the Hebrews were in captivity in Babylon, and were suffering great tribulation.

They had seen in B.C. 586 their city—their HOLY CITY—destroyed by their enemies, and, possibly, their little ones dashed against the rocks. Hence the beautiful pathos of the Psalm, and the natural—natural at any rate in their day—desire for vengeance.

Now the lesson, I suppose, would take the form of reading through the Psalm, giving a brief account of the circumstances under which it was written, and shewing that the author fell short of Christ's ideal, since he prays for vengeance on his enemies.

Or let us take a fairy story. The Bible is full of fairy tales, and these are best for children. In Genesis xix. we have an interesting story. Lot and his wife you will remember, were told by the Lord to escape from Sodom and Gomorrah, and not to look behind them. Lot's wife, however, with the curiosity natural in a woman, did look back, and she became a pillar of salt.

Now if you look up the little Century Bible Commentary on Genesis, you will find it stated that recently there was still standing on the hill of Usdum a high, round pillar of crystalline salt about forty feet high. The story, then, probably grew from the fact that a great pillar of salt was to be found in the desolate region round about the Dead Sea.

The moral, of course, is, avoid disobeying God's commands by turning back again to the sinful past.

Hundreds of portions of the Bible could be taken and treated in the same manner, and as a matter of fact, I believe that in many schools of other denominations this is actually being done. But we who, I think, might have been giving such admirable instruction, since we take such a sensible view of the Bible—*we* are the very people who are scarcely using it at all.

(3) This brings me to a third possible reason why we are not using the Bible more frequently. 'It needs too much preparation on our part to impart such instruction.'

Now I believe this reason has much weight with many. Let us see exactly what it is.

'Such instruction as you outline would necessitate hours of preparation. This we cannot give. We are not ministers working only on one day in a week. We are working ten hours a day and six days a week.'

This, I admit, is a very forcible objection. In answer to it, I will say (*a*) of course you ought not to be working ten hours a day. Personally, I don't think any one should work more than four hours a day. Still, until that glorious Millennium arrives, we must make the best of present conditions. Granted that you cannot prepare on a week-day, still there is Sunday morning; for no teacher ever attended church on a Sunday morning! I think if we thoroughly realised the vital importance of our work, we should not hesitate to give two or three hours in preparation for it. (*b*) I think you will all readily admit that if no previous preparation can be given by the teacher, he or she ought not to be teaching.

As I am on very dangerous ground here, I will hastily pass on.

(4) The fourth objection I will call 'the all or none reason.' I refer to those people who say, 'We will have the whole of the Bible or none of it.'

Since they cannot have all of it—I mean since they are unable for divers reasons to believe it to be all of the same moral and spiritual value, they give it up altogether.

This attitude has come about in the following manner.

The Bible has been treated as no other book has been treated—i.e., it has had infallibility ascribed to it. Then people discovered that there were 'spots on the sun,' so to speak, that the Bible had some bad parts as well as good. They point to the story of the Creation and of the Fall and other stories irreconcilable with science; to the treachery of Jael; to the deceit of Jacob; to the slaughter of the Canaanites by the supposed command of God; to the immoral tone of some of the Psalms; to the book of Ecclesiastes; to the contradictions in the books themselves, and to the historical discrepancies. This is the book you are asking us to teach to our children—a book which bears so many traces of the fallibility of man!

Well, we all admit these 'spots on the sun.' But note that they are but 'spots on the sun'; we don't deny to the sun its excellence because it has its dark spots. Merely to point to the errors in the Bible, then, is like describing a beautiful palace by merely stating what its kitchens are like. Of course, most of the Old Testament stories must be treated with discretion. What needs clearly indicating is the fact that these books are records of various stages through which God has been revealing himself to the world. So, much that was in ancient times quite justifiable, is with us considered immoral. Slavery is countenanced in the Old Testament. Well, admit that it is, and condemn it. Witchcraft is believed in, and witches ordered to be put to death. Well, never for a moment suggest that the Hebrews were right. These caused difficulties in the minds of men only when they had foolish notions about the Bible—only when they treated it as having the same moral and spiritual worth from cover to cover.

Jacob was guilty of deceit, and Jael of treachery. Well, if you wish to take either of these for instruction—and I see no reason why you should not—tell the scholars this: We can often gain a moral lesson by studying the life of a bad man as well as that of a saint.

We have to remember that the Bible is the common property of the race; its enormous influence is felt in prose, poetry, music, art, sculpture. So Professor Huxley urged that the Bible ought to be taught to every English child as the great classic of our literature and the mint of our noblest speech.

And I myself see no possible reason why we should not give regular Bible instruction in our Sunday schools. Even to the smallest we can tell the story of Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, Daniel, John the Baptist, Peter, and of Paul. But I would make them, one and all, subordinate to Jesus. The brightest of all the other characters in the Bible are, as some one has said, but planets revolving round the sun. To me the centre of the teaching given would naturally be the life of Christ, and I should like to see every child in our schools learn the chief events of his life, know by heart most of his parables and his sayings.

Things learnt in childhood are never forgotten, and I am convinced that those children who had received most instruction would, in later life, look back with grateful hearts to the Sunday school which had bestowed on them such a blessing.

In conclusion, I merely want to say this: The success of other religious denominations has been largely due, I consider, to their emphasis on the religious instruction of the young. Particularly is this the case with the Roman Catholics, from whom we ought to learn a lesson in this respect. No church has more thoroughly realised the importance of giving religious instruction to the children than the Roman Catholic. For their right to do this, they are ready to do anything in their power. They mean to fight to the bitter end for this privilege. The Church of England is almost equally determined that her children shall be religiously taught in her particular way. The Nonconformists also insist on some religious instruction being given—namely, Bible-teaching.

Mr. Shaw, who is not usually considered a religious bigot, opposes the secular solution of the education question on the ground that children must be given some instruction of the kind unless they are to grow up mere barbarians. He, therefore, suggests unsectarian teaching.

All are agreed that children need some religious instruction. As far as I can see, we are making headlong for the secular solution. Religious instruction, then, will

be entirely thrown on to the Sunday school. If this is properly given, perhaps it will not matter. Even if this does not happen, I do not consider that Bible-teaching without any explanation is enough. No book needs more explanation than the Bible, and the explanation could be given so admirably in our Sunday schools.

Now I said at the outset that I was in favour of a more definite and uniform teaching for our children. I say so now at the end—that we need more 'bigoted' and dogmatic teaching in our schools as well as in our Church.

Our fault has been that we have not been positive enough in our affirmations; we have emphasised too much our negative position. If we have a gospel to preach, let us preach it with all the bigotry and dogmatism a true Christian can display.

To prevent misunderstanding, I will say that I do not want the religious instruction I am pleading for to be more 'bigoted' or more dogmatic than that which is to be found in the four Gospels, or that which was characteristic of our Lord and Master himself when on earth.

MY SUNDAY SCHOOLS

CEPHAS

[The writer of the following article has evidently seen, and remembered, something of the seamy side of Sunday school life. The state of things depicted must be bad for all concerned, and if anything like it exists to-day the evil should be rooted out. We have an idea that occasional inquiry into the religious and moral condition of our schools would not be without benefit.—EDITOR.]

WHEN the late lamented Mr. Raikes founded the Sunday school movement, there was great rejoicing among the Stigginses and the Chadbands. In the movement they saw possibilities, and to do them justice they utilised them to the full.

It is not given to every man to invent a system which will render thousands of his compatriots uncomfortable; when such a man is found the Englishman, through some strange kink in his character, at once erects a pedestal and invites that man to ascend it.

Mr. Raikes occupies a very lofty pedestal. He did more than invent a system, he showed a way by which that system might be continually extended. He not only devised a plan for the mental and physical torture of some few million children, he invested it with the mystery of a fetish and presented it to the Eternal Stiggins.

That the latter gentleman's heart bounded with joy we can well imagine, for here was just such a chance as his soul lusted after. He saw in the scheme a double opportunity: firstly, of making the children as miserable as he could wish them; secondly, of glorifying the place and office of Stiggins.

So Sunday schools came into being. Their continuance is due to three causes: first, the desire of Stiggins for self-glorification; second, the desire of the parents to get the 'little beggars' out of the way during the Sunday siesta; and, thirdly, the mammon worship of church officers, who look upon the money expended upon their upkeep as a business investment, and hope that it may come back again with interest into the church coffers.

Now it cannot be said that any of these causes is unnatural or that either of the two latter does not contain some measure of common-sense. But it is with the moral aspect of the question that I wish to deal, and judged by the moral standard the results are such as to outweigh any advantages parents or church officers are able to ensure.

For when we come to face the matter frankly, we have to admit that the whole movement has been a ghastly failure from first to last, even the reverence on which Stiggins counted not being forthcoming; while as to providing a quiet afternoon for the parents it is well known that the children learn such habits as to make that quiet dearly bought; and with regard to the investment of the church officers, there has been nothing quite to equal it since the famous purchase by Moses of the shagreen spectacles.

And what has been the effect upon the children? It has varied according to the nervous constitution of each child. What the effect has been upon the child of refined temperament who Sunday by Sunday has had to endure the squalid atmosphere, the sickly theology, and the impudent, petti-fogging interference seemingly inseparable from such institutions, can be better imagined than described. It is a striking tribute to the inherent qualities of our

race, that many high-souled men and women have passed, I had almost said unscathed, through the ordeal.

With children of coarser fibre the effect is as bad as bad can be ; it is very doubtful whether more than the smallest percentage of criminals have not been at one time or another members of Sunday schools. The practice of bribing young children by means of the succulent orange, and the bun of infrequent currants, naturally produces the direst moral and spiritual results, while who can say what is the effect of the large quantities of lukewarm tannin imbibed by the youngsters at their annual tea-fights ?

To indulge for a moment in an auto-biographical excursion : I well remember being taken as a little boy to a Sunday school which shall be nameless. The teacher of the class into which I was ushered was a grocer's assistant, with a Cockney-cum-Staffordshire accent, a pleasing and musical combination which must be heard to be rightly appreciated. The lesson was on 'The bed of King Ahasuerus,' and the impression I took away was that Shushan the Palace must have provided the finest battle ground for a pillow fight that the world has ever known.

We sat upon a form at the back of a dingy room. Being a very small morsel of humanity, and my feet not reaching the ground, I commenced swinging them, and this brought me into conflict with one of the other boys. A howl arose ; the teacher intervened, and smote a boy who had taken no part in the *fracas*. In a moment there was pandemonium, and I was carried shrieking from the room, to be duly admonished when home was reached.

As I grew older, I became more adept in the gentle art of riot-causing. To liberate a beetle or cockroach during prayer time was a sure source of commotion and joy. I have said that we sat upon a form at the back of the schoolroom. During prayer we descended from the form and, kneeling upon the floor, faced the wall. In the course of years that wall began to resemble the wall of an Egyptian tomb. It was covered with sketches and inscriptions from end to end.

Of the boys who formed our class, two I know have been under the necessity of making prolonged stays at one of His Majesty's hotels, another was dreadfully burned, and two are—well, never mind.

The theology we were taught is too horrible for words. To see our complacent friend with his look of satisfaction as he consigned nineteen-twentieths of the human race to everlasting perdition, was a sight which in my precocious childhood made some reparation for my enforced attendance at his class.

'Tommy rot' was our unanimous and contemptuous summary of the various activities which constituted the corporate life of the school. I fancy the nicknames by which the teachers, male and female, were known would have raised their hair, where they possessed any, had they known them.

My first impressions of Sunday school life were typical of those engendered by other schools with which I have been at times associated. In weak moments I have occasionally undertaken a class, and the temptation to lapse into the usual anæmic drivel has on these occasions been almost overpowering.

In every case the failure of the whole system to do the children any physical, mental, or moral good is complete, and everything is subordinated to the cult of the smug and flabby. One finds the same sexless invertebrates acting as teachers wherever one goes, and equally one finds the same moral and mental degeneration among the unfortunate children who are compelled to submit themselves to the school's atmosphere.

In early days my revolt against the entire system was interpreted for me as the outcome of natural depravity. As I have grown up I have found this interpretation to be fallacious, and arrived at the conclusion that my childhood's rebellion was prompted by a vivid realisation of things as they are.

I have in mind the vision of a Sunday school which would be a bright and joyous place, but it falls necessarily into a scheme of Sabbath-keeping which would grievously upset most conceptions held to-day. In a Sunday which offered free and ample scope for the development of the muscle and brawn of our youth in the cricket field and in many healthy sports, there would be a place for a school which could fall in line with the best and choicest of modern thought, having as its aim and object

'*mens sana in corpore sano*,' and leading on to the worship and service of God by men and women who no longer disgraced his image.

It may be urged that I tilt against the puritan traditions which have made England glorious. I do nothing of the sort; I tilt truly against English Puritanism, but in its traditions that have imposed upon the youth of our cities the alternatives of street loitering, drinkshop frequenting, or the attendance at theological hotbeds of enervating religious distempers; and on the youth of our country places, a similar choice between the half-baked ecclesiastical stuffing-machine, and an aimless wandering with its consequent, and very real, moral and spiritual dangers.

A rational Sunday would have a useful, indeed an extremely valuable, complement in a rational Sunday school; but for the achievement of either we must resolutely unlearn most of the ideas we have imbibed hitherto.

MY CHINESE CHUM

FRED. G. WHITTICK

Li Siao Yeh is a near neighbour of mine. He is a type of a very common class in China, i.e., the son of a fairly well-to-do man. His surname is Li and *Siao Yeh* simply means son of a gentleman.

Li is close on twenty-one years of age, and a well set up, athletic youth. He is almost a past-master in the Chinese way of boxing, and is an expert wrestler. I tried a fall with him one day and got it, so I know from practical experience. As a cycle trick-rider he is fairly good, is fleet-footed, and altogether a manly youth. He is also rather mannish at times, has rather a swelled head, in fact, for is he not absolutely a man of leisure and his father verging on independence! Cigarettes he contemns, but he has learnt the use of foreign strong-waters, and likes his rice-spirit also. Not that he gets over the mark, for he respects himself and his body too much for that.

Li and I have chummed up for upwards of a year now. Our acquaintance dates from one day when I was going home along our street, the Green Dragon Street, and heard him call out, 'Hello, Mr. Wei!' *Wei* is my Chinese name by suggestion from '*Whittick*' (Wei Ti Ke in Chinese). An invitation to enter his home and 'drink tea' followed, and I went into the guest-room. I was not surprised to find it much better furnished and more comfortable than some Chinese guest-rooms. The tea was excellent also, coming from a noted tea district. Li has a few words of English at command, but I don't encourage their use much, and we talk in Chinese.

I have become quite a friend of the family, but of course only as regards the male portion, and I have never seen the ladies, except a glimpse of a pretty little sister, who fled to the inner quarters at my approach. The elder brother died from excessive opium-smoking, and never counted for much. He asked me pathetically one day whether I could recommend a certain curative drug that was much advertised. I was rather surprised to note the absolute indifference, either affected or natural, on the part of Li Siao Yeh when his brother's demise occurred. Apparently love had disappeared in the disgrace to the family, for it was a disgrace. The funeral was very quiet indeed, and Li appeared some days after, and renewed friendship with me, nor did we again refer to the deceased.

Li has another chum, Chang by name, who has lately become a student in the military college, and is developing a huge chest—for a Chinaman—from practising at the bar. Chang is also a Siao Yeh, but his father is dead and he lived with his granny till a few months ago, when she also died. Now, when on college vacation, he lives in the heart of the city, at the house of an uncle, an expectant magistrate. He wishes his granny were alive, however, and is sorry to have to live with his uncle, so he tells me he is sticking hard at his books and military training. He was the apple of his granny's eye, and on several occasions had to decline our invitations because she desired his company. There is much love in the Chinese family, but it is selfish love. Another Chinese chum (and student of mine) was seriously kept back in his studies by the caprice of his grandmother. He was also fond of the pipe, though he told me lies about it. His face told the truth, and his wasting form. His father was for some time acting Provincial Director of Education and our substantive Prefect.

We three have been on many a ramble together, sometimes exploring old places of interest with which Tsinanfu abounds, and I have been initiated into very many things Chinese that otherwise would have been out of my ken. Would that my Chinese were still more that I might enquire more! One must be a questioner in China, and the Chinese do not deprecate but instead appreciate this.

'The guest-room must be always full' is a Chinese saying. Li tries to act up to this, and we are often a company of half a dozen at his place. He often sends his servant round to ask me to come and eat tien hsin ('sweet heart' literally) at a sort of 'afternoon tea' affair. What fine practice in spoken Chinese this is! The teacher and text-book become practical study of the language.

We—my wife and I—invited Li to our Reception of Chinese friends, but he would not come, urging as an excuse that he had not yet bought his new spring clothing. He is a little vain, one sees, and wants to make a good impression. He asked me round several times, and on the last occasion provided a neat little special 'feed' for the two of us. I admired the tea so much that he sent round a little parcel of it, along with some fruit jellies and some native spongecake. He could not, by Chinese etiquette, address these gifts to us, but to me only.

I have attained to a warmish place in his heart, for my photo hangs in a conspicuous position in his 'den,' and he always proudly draws his friends' attention to it. His younger brother often comes to the door at my arrival, shows me in, and is exceedingly friendly. He is rather a weakly boy, and very quiet and undemonstrative, but he now offers his hand and is thoroughly friendly. Not long back I was favoured by being allowed to delve among the father's library of Chinese books, quite a good-sized collection and rather representative of Chinese tastes in reading. Li's tastes run more toward lighter reading, such as 'The Dream of the Red Chamber' and 'Strange Tales,' than towards the classics. He has several editions of the 'Strange Tales,' and was quite interested when I showed him Professor Giles' translation of the book into English.

Li is of official family, but it is in expectant officialdom that his father moves. There are very many such in China, and in Tsinanfu in particular. At present his father is employed in some mysterious capacity in the yamen of the Salt Commissioner. In what capacity I have never been able to discover, but it is not a big position I imagine, and is certainly a sinecure. They are not Shantung people, but originally hail from Kiangsu province (in which Shanghai stands). The son talks a little Shanghai dialect (or language?), though he has never been out of Tsinanfu, and I sometimes try to match phrases with him in that 'clipped' and elusive speech.

'All within the four seas are brethren' is an oft quoted saying of Confucius, and certainly my chum Li and myself have become exceedingly friendly despite our difference in race. Shall I not cap the Chinese saying by the one put into the mouth of Ulysses by Shakespeare:—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

MUSIC IN OUR SCHOOLS

W. H. JENKINS

Music is, to my mind, the chiefest and most glorious of God's gifts to man. By its aid we can communicate to our fellows, our joys, our hopes, our sorrows, our love—all the passions and the emotions. It is a veritable universal language. How the soul is touched by the wonderful 'songs without words' of the great masters! And the effect on a sensitive mind of such glorious flights of musical ecstasy as Handel's 'Hallelujah Chorus' or Haydn's sublime 'The heavens are telling the glory of God'! We can *feel* the composer's meaning in the gradual development of the transcendental conception. Now mark the different emotions produced in the breast by the solemn dirge of the 'Dead March in Saul'; then the peaceful message of 'O rest in the Lord'; or the soul-cry of Mendelssohn's 'Hear my prayer.' All are beautiful and full of lofty idealism. But how much mightier is the force of this God-given art when wedded to the power of human language? Although the musical setting to that part of 'The Messiah' commonly known as the passion is calculated to stir the soul to its innermost depths, the true message of the composer can only be realised when some talented and reverent singer, yielding to the wondrous power of the music, pours out

his heart and soul in the plaintive and heartbreaking recitative, 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart. Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.' And then the hope ineffable expressed in 'Thou didst not leave his soul in hell'!

The effects of this wonderful power are felt very early in life. We have only to watch the little ones when musical pieces are sung or performed on instruments to find a keen appreciation of their various rhythms or emotional tendencies. Accordingly, it behoves all who desire to see 'the kingdom' here and now, who believe in the universality of God's paternal love, and in human fraternity, to foster and aid the cultivation of this wonderful and glorious gift as an agent in the proclamation of 'Peace and goodwill towards all.'

Having had some little experience as a teacher of children's choirs, I venture to offer a few suggestions for the guidance of those faithful ones who have the care of the Sunday school, with its joys and its worries, entrusted to them. The noble thoughts expressed in the grand poems contained in our hymnals provide outlet for the expression of most of our needs—spiritual, social, general. To get the most out of these beautiful lyrics we need to know them, to feel them, to sing them as our own soul-cries. Verily there are grand lessons to be learned from these sacred songs—lessons in faith, in love, in hope, in courage, in tolerance, in truth. And the time to sow the seed is now. To grow to the fulness of perfect manhood and womanhood, the young and tender plants of God's humanity require both nurture and training. The glad, free faith of Unitarian Christianity will afford a bounteous supply of moral and spiritual food to the young inquirer; and it is to the Sunday school and its directors that the glorious yet awful responsibility is deputed of making early impression on the budding consciousness. I have often thought it would be of great use, if we could devote some of our time and energy to teaching our young folks *how* to sing. It is not an indispensable condition that all must be possessed of good voices or musical talent. We must learn how to read the poem, how to speak the phrases, how to pronounce the words, how to express the pathos of the song. We need to talk to our young folks about the sentiments contained in the hymns, pointing out in homely words the message they convey.

I well remember the quaint songs of my youth; and, also, the see-saw rhythm and meaningless chant of those days. Take for example the children's hymn:—

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.

We used to stand up in school when the hymn was announced, and the superintendent would set the pitch by a series of drawls through his nose, something after this style—Hum-n-n-aa-ah-o-i-ee! Then off we would go, and as we sang we see-sawed to and fro, and from left to right, to the rhythm of the tune. And this was the manner of our speech in song:—

I want to be ah-nain-gil,
An' with the aingils stand;
A crow no pon my faw-red,
A 'arp wi-thin my 'and.

I need scarcely point out the reasons why the memory of the above causes me many a good laugh. Yet the observer may detect the same tendencies in no small degree in our Sunday schools to-day. Even in our church choirs we may hear the mispronunciation of words—agiz for ages, praizziz for praises, Lawd for Lord, and so forth.

We ought to impress upon the minds of the young the fact that 'consonants are the soul of the words.' A skylark sings a glorious lay, but his song is all in vowel sounds. So to appreciate fully the grand message of sacred lyrics we must sing them with knowledge and sympathy, put accent and emphasis in their right places, and articulate carefully the consonants. It is painful and sometimes bordering on the ludicrous to listen to the rendering of glorious poetical phrases by some of our singing folk. 'God is a spirit' is changed into 'Gaw-dizz ah spee-ritt'; 'Hear my prayer, O Lord' becomes ''Ear my prayer, O Lawd'; 'How pleasant are thy courts' is rendered 'How plezz-an taw thy cawts'; and so on and so on. And is an'; the letter t is often left out at the end of a word; in fact, this subject of the *soul* of speech is of such importance that full justice cannot be done to it in this brief essay.

With regard to the selection of tunes for hymns, I have found a strong conservative

tendency over a fairly large area, and I cannot but regret that one tune should have to do duty twice in one day, while many most impressive hymns are all but useless on account of their metres. The general use of the Bristol Tune Book may have its advantages, but there is an undoubted dearth of new tunes. Surely our call to humanity through our songs of hope and love, and faith in God and man, requires the most spirited tunes that we can discover. Why should there be a preference for the old psalm tunes and heavy, sober measures? Why should we not strive to rise to the lofty spirit of our idealism in modern musical settings, instead of voicing our praises in the dirge-like chants of a bygone age? It strikes me as curious, this seeming reverence for any tune that can boast of a dust-covered date of birth away back in the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, when in the same 'Bristol' there are hundreds of glorious examples of musical art. It would be well to relegate all the doleful, depressing tunes to the limbo of the dead past, to be brought out *only* on the occasions of national mourning,—as on the death of the King, or the failure of the 'powers that be' to fulfil their high calling in regard to all God's children or the disgraceful indulgence in war scares.

From personal experience, I have come to the conclusion that we must look to the Sunday school for emancipation from this thraldom to the 'good old tunes.' Our young people will be the men and women of the future, and by training them to sing the bright and inspiriting melodies of modern production a great lever to the success of our movement will be placed upon the fulcrum of our poetry.

In conclusion, let me urge the desirability of forming school choirs for the definite purpose of learning new music, and also the immense utility of assembling the whole school at least once a month for the sake of instruction and practice in the singing of hymns. One of the most pleasing effects is produced when the children's voices are selected and the beautiful words of our hymns are sung with true feeling in two-part harmony. A real aid to this would be the publication of a Sunday school hymn book with the tunes arranged in two-part tonic-sol-fa for children's voices.

THE WORK OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

ION PRITCHARD

Two new books have been published during the last few weeks, both of which I should like to commend to teachers and senior scholars. The first in order of appearance comes from one whose experience and practical work makes him an authority in Sunday school teaching. The Rev. Arthur W. Fox, of Todmorden, has adapted a series of lessons or studies on Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, in which he thoughtfully brings out the inner meaning and spirit underlying these poems. Probably no poet's utterances are more helpful in conveying ethical and religious lessons than these.

Readers will remember the excellent books of the same class by the Rev. Frank Walters, on Longfellow's and Browning's Poems, and on Shakespeare's Plays; Mr. Fox's volume will take its place among these.

A book of quite a different kind is the one entitled *The Transmission of the Text of the New Testament*, by Dr. James Drummond. Some of my readers who enjoyed the privilege of attending the Summer School at Oxford in 1902 or 1904 will remember something of the subject, and how interesting it was made.

These lectures, telling how our New Testament has come to us in its present shape, are now presented to us by the author in a small volume. All teachers using the New Testament in their classes should read and master the contents. Here and there it may be thought a little hard to understand; but read the hard parts again and the difficulties will disappear.

We are told of the construction of ancient books, of the various manuscripts and versions, and the critical labours of students who have practically devoted their lives to the study, translation, and publication of biblical literature. There is in one part quite the interest of romance, where the author relates how Tischendorf—one who has contributed largely to the knowledge we possess of the documents from which our Bible has been compiled—discovered almost by chance a mass of old manuscript copies of the oldest Greek

translation of the Hebrew Scriptures. Staying for the night at a monastery on Mount Sinai, the steward of the house left with Tischendorf a manuscript wrapped up in cloth, which on examination was found to be ancient Greek MSS. of both Old and New Testaments. The discovery of a gold mine would not have given equal delight. The critic sat up all night copying out as much as he could, feeling that it would be an impiety to sleep under such circumstances.

In the Committee's annual report, submitted at Whitsuntide, there is a little table of Attendance Statistics which I will reproduce here.

Year.	Number of schools making returns.	Average number on books at each school.		
		Scholars.	Teachers.	Adult scholars above 16.
1879	207	119	17	22.5
1884	218	131	17	27
1889	244	127	15	27.5
1894	270	127	14	30
1899	285	120	13	32.5
1904	290	124	12.7	34
1908	292	120	12.4	36

The table brings out two points of vital importance to the future welfare of our Sunday schools, and should therefore interest us all. The statistics cover the last thirty years divided up into periods of five years, and the figures given showing the attendances of teachers and scholars are obtained by dividing up the totals of all the teachers and scholars by the number of the schools making returns.

Attention is called to the decreasing number of teachers step by step from 17 to 12, and the gradually increasing number of adult scholars from 22 to 36.

What satisfactory explanation can be given for the loss of teachers? What are the causes, and how is the leakage to be met? Two problems which every school suffering from the complaint should face and endeavour to solve. The position may in some cases be explained by maintaining that the teachers, though fewer in number, are more efficient; for it should be recognised that there is a desire very prevalent among them for improvement of method and in the art of teaching. This is evidenced by the large number of teachers attending the Summer schools and the course of lectures on the Art of Teaching given lately in Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. This explanation will by no means wholly satisfy us; there is something more to be done if the decline is to be stayed and a healthier condition of things brought about.

The figures as set forth seem to proclaim a 'Call to Service' addressed to our adult scholars and to the young people in our churches. There is work to do. Will they come forward and help?

WITH THE DISTRICT ASSOCIATIONS:

LONDON SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY

R. ASQUITH WOODING, LL.B.

THE London Sunday School Society dates back to the year 1848, and has for its object 'the furtherance of Sunday school education, and of social intercourse between teachers and young people in London and its neighbourhood,' by means of 'conferences, aggregate meetings, classes and lectures, systematic lessons, periodical visitation of schools, country holidays for children, and by such other means as the Committee and members of the Society may from time to time determine.' This comprehensive programme of work is undertaken by a committee consisting of a president, treasurer, and honorary secretary, six elected members, and one delegate from each of the affiliated schools, of which there are at the present time twenty-two, situated in all parts of the Metropolis.

Perhaps the most important branch of the Society's work consists of the periodical visits made by members of the committee to the different schools. These visits are in no sense an inspection, but take the form of a friendly call paid by a teacher of one school (for nearly all of the committee are past or present teachers) to another school to observe and take note of the working of that school, of its organisation, its methods of teaching, and the social activities undertaken by it. Frequently the visitor is able, when asked so to do, to give useful advice on points of difficulty, to make suggestions here and there, and, when occasion requires, to offer friendly criticism where it seems to him improve-

ment in method or organisation might be effected. The visitor embodies his impressions, his suggestions, his advice, and, if need be, his criticisms in a written report which is read to and considered by the committee at its next meeting, and is then passed on to the school in question to be digested at leisure and returned. At the end of the year such portions of these visitors' reports as may prove of general interest or helpfulness are embodied in the committee's annual report, which is printed and circulated among the schools. This gives the committee an opportunity of making suggestions which may prove serviceable, and brings the schools into closer touch with each other, by enabling all to know something of what is going on at each.

As to educational work, each year the committee promotes one or more Conferences on subjects of general interest to Sunday school teachers and workers. Last winter 'The use of the Bible in the Sunday school' was the subject of discussion. In other recent years 'The aim and object of the Sunday school teacher,' 'Thrift in the Sunday school,' 'How to retain our young people' proved fruitful topics for the exchange of ideas, and the stimulating of effort.

Then, too, lectures for teachers have been organised from time to time, and at the present moment arrangements are being made for holding next autumn at Essex Hall, on the six successive Wednesday evenings, beginning with October 13th, a series of lectures on 'The Art of Teaching, with especial reference to the needs of Sunday school teachers.' As lecturer the committee has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Professor Rayment, the Vice-Principal of the Goldsmiths' College at New Cross, an educationalist of repute and a Sunday school enthusiast. The lectures should therefore be of an exceedingly practical, sympathetic, and helpful character, and it is hoped that they will be well attended by the London teachers, and be successful in meeting a long felt need.

In promoting aggregate meetings the committee has in view the especial need which exists in London, where the schools are scattered over a wide area and in no close connexion with each other, of cheering both workers and scholars with the thought that, though each school may be a little centre of its own, with seemingly no outward link with any other, yet, as a fact, each is not a mere isolated detachment but is an integral portion of a very considerable whole. The committee, therefore, does its utmost to encourage the idea of unity among the schools, by arranging in the course of each year several aggregate meetings at Essex Hall.

One of these takes the form of a United Service of elder scholars and teachers on one of the Sunday afternoons in June. The average attendance at these services numbers over three hundred, and they prove a most successful means of interesting and educating the elder scholars in the work.

The second of the aggregate meetings is more especially for the purpose of encouraging social intercourse. With a view to this, the Society each year engages Essex Hall for one of the Saturday evenings in the winter, and invites all the teachers and elder scholars together to tea and social festivity. A programme of music and recitations is provided, with sometimes a dramatic performance to add to the entertainment. A short welcoming speech by the President gives an opportunity for a few words of counsel or exhortation. This meeting is always popular, and brings the present and future workers at the different schools into closer touch with each other.

Then again, for some years past the Society has organised a Musical Festival for the scholars of the London schools. This meeting, which is usually held in the spring, generally takes the form of a competition between choirs from the different schools, followed by a concert, items of which consist of part songs rendered by the united choirs. For the competition a professional judge is engaged, and he selects the test piece and adjudicates upon the singing. Each choir sings the test piece and also another piece of its own selection, and marks are given by the judge for such points as 'quality of tone, time, expression, sustenance of pitch, discipline, etc.' Each choir is limited to twenty voices (treble and alto only), and at least two-thirds of the members must be under sixteen years of age. The winning school is presented with the Society's banner to hold for a year, and certificates of merit are also awarded.

These festivals have been very successful, as many as twelve choirs having on occasions taken part in them, while eight or nine choirs is about the average number. At every competition lately the adjudicator has commented upon the marked improvement in the singing of the choirs since the previous time he acted as judge, and there is no doubt that the Festivals have been the means of very considerably raising the standard of singing in the London schools, besides affording a good deal of enjoyment to members of the choirs and inducing a healthy rivalry between the competing contingents. This year for a change the Festival is to be held in the autumn, and instead of a competition the choirs are to unite in the performance of the cantata 'The May Queen.' This will, it is hoped, prove to be a pleasant variation upon the more usual form of the festival.

The holiday work of the Society consists of two branches, the one the raising of a fund for assisting scholars to a fortnight's holiday in the summer, and the other the maintenance of a Holiday Home at Southend-on-Sea for the use of elder scholars, teachers, and others.

The Country Holiday fund amounts to about £120 a year, and the committee makes grants to the schools applying therefor based upon the number of children proposed to be sent away for a fortnight's holiday. Some three or four years ago this work was re-organised, and the Society now accepts no responsibility for finding country homes for the scholars, sending them away, or looking after them when away, leaving this work to be undertaken by the individual schools. Besides collecting the fund the Society does, however, provide a register of friends living in the country willing to find holiday homes, and a list of such friends is furnished to each school. In making the grants the cost of a fortnight's holiday is taken at about 12/6 or 13/- per child, and in ordinary cases the Society contributes 7/6 towards that sum, leaving the remainder to be found by the scholars or locally. In cases of extreme poverty or where there are other exceptional circumstances the grant may be increased to 10/- a head. Last year grants were made for over three hundred scholars, a number which is likely to be considerably increased this year, and it is therefore hoped there may be a corresponding increase in the amount of the subscriptions.

Some years ago Mrs. Bayle Bernard presented to the Society a cottage at Southend-on-Sea for the purpose of a holiday home for elder scholars, mission workers, women connected with Mothers' Meetings, and others, at the discretion of the committee. This home, which can take some six or seven guests at a time, is open all the year round, and is made good use of, especially during the summer months, when it is reserved for elder scholars and teachers accompanying their classes, at which time its accommodation is taxed to its utmost capacity. The charges made to elder scholars are 7/- a week, and to teachers, mission workers, etc., 10/- a week. When not in use by those for whom it is primarily intended, other visitors are received at a charge of from 15/- to 17/6 a week. The home is managed by a paid lady superintendent and a local honorary secretary. Funds to the extent of about £75 a year are required to supplement the board payments from visitors. The home has proved very popular with teachers and elder scholars, of whom about one hundred and twenty visit it each year.

This short sketch of the Society's work must not be concluded without a reference to one other matter which is at present occupying the attention of the committee. This is the organisation of a National Sunday School Memorial to the late Miss Marian Pritchard. Owing to her brother's official connexion with the Sunday School Association, it was thought better that this Society rather than the Association should take the lead, and accordingly an appeal was a short time ago issued to all the schools of the kingdom to send in small contributions. A large number have already responded, and it is hoped that a fund of from £40 to £50 will be collected, with which it is intended to procure a portrait of Miss Pritchard, to be presented to the Essex Hall trustees for hanging at Essex Hall.

The worst sores in life are caused by crumpled rose leaves and not by thorns.

War is the dirty work of a nation; it is one of the indecencies of life and should never be mentioned.

He who hears well, hears to be aroused.—*Theophilus Trinal.*

BY THE WAY

NUMBER THREE will contain contributions from Dr. Mellone, Miss E. Rosalind Lee, The Headmaster of Willaston School, and the Rev. Etienne Giran.

Among the subjects treated will be Brooke Herford—the genial enthusiast; Preparation Classes; My Sunday School Teachers; Notes for Teachers; and Sunday School Work in a Country Town. We also hope to print an article on 'Helen Keller and Anne Sullivan,' by the late Miss Marian Pritchard.

* * *

QUESTIONS.—

Can it ever be said that scholars have too much done for them and have too little required of them?

What should the teacher do who finds himself at school on his colleague's day? Should he go home or go into a class?

Have scholars, irregular in their attendances, ever complained, 'Oh, it is always the same lesson over again'?

How often has the removal of a teacher resulted in the loss of his class or portion of it?

How far is it good to keep the same teacher and class together during their school life?

Where are the members of the class that never could depend upon having a teacher, even if they went to school?

David refused to wear armour that would hamper him. Why should a teacher use lessons with which he is not familiar?

* * *

A GOOD TEXT-BOOK.—Some years ago the Association made inquiries as to what text-books the teachers in our schools had found most helpful. We do not know how many valuable lists were compiled, but there was at least one. The teachers in one of our schools spent a happy evening in drawing up their truthful list, and at last they heaved a sigh of satisfaction: their task was done; the list was complete; not a single text-book that had proved serviceable had been omitted. But as they were about to separate a voice was heard remarking, 'I think we've missed *one*.' The speaker was confidently challenged, but he was right: they had omitted to mention the Bible! Question: was the Bible in regular or occasional use at that school?

* * *

NOTES FOR TEACHERS are intended to stimulate thought: they are *not* intended to save the teacher the trouble of preparation and provide him with something that he can begin to read straight off when he is in the presence of his class. If there is any way to kill a Sunday school class, surely there could be no more perfect way than this—to go into a class, provided with unfamiliar matter to be read without comment or question. The teacher is not a spout for other people's instruction to pour out of, and no class will long put up with a 'teacher' who is content with this idea. No school should. If the cultivation of the higher powers, the finer feelings, the nobler life is not worthy of thinking about, at least do not, by your lack of preparation, disgrace the institution which sprang out of the warm hearts of good men, who saw the possibilities of a better world and worked for it.

WELSH SUNDAY SCHOOLS are supposed to be even more successful than Lancashire schools, but a falling off in attendance is being deplored. Explanations of the decline are being put forth, and one of the most suggestive is that the English plan of a general lesson is being adopted. This is regarded as weakening to the effective teacher, who is never heard to better advantage than when he speaks to his scholars upon a subject which weighs upon him rather than upon one which he must deal with in a scheme. This suggests that the main thing in Sunday school work is personality rather than the instruction given; and yet until recently the Sunday school was the only place in which instruction in the Welsh tongue was regularly given. With the adoption of Welsh in the Day schools the Sunday school is losing its hold on the young people. How long will it continue to be said, 'If you don't go to Sunday school in Wales, you are nobody'? The higher matters with which the Sunday school is understood to be mainly concerned evidently require a greater devotion and a greater seriousness everywhere. The Sunday school has much leeway to make up.

* * *

OUR ONE-HOUR CLUB, managed by our Ladies' Society, is an institution in which the effort is made to secure that every woman attending our service shall do at home each week one hour's work definitely for the benefit of our church. It has made a satisfactory start, and will, I think, open a way for interesting developments both in church and school. Co-operating with it is a Visiting Committee, which keeps an eye on the congregation.—*W. C. Hall.*

* * *

BIBLICAL INSTRUCTION.—The Manchester District Sunday School Association has at length, after much hard work, published a scheme of Biblical Instruction. A most valuable list of books for consultation and study is provided, and no school would be doing amiss, even at this day when the yearly funds are almost exhausted, to stock the Teachers' Library with a copy of each. It would be a good beginning for such a library.

The Scheme is arranged in three grades—Primary, Junior, and Senior; and the field of study for each grade is roughly mapped out in three sections—General, Old Testament, New Testament.

The aim of the course is 'to trace the general features of the life and thought of the Hebrew people, and to help to a proper understanding of the Christian movement in its early stages, with the view of promoting an intelligent interest in the nature and growth of the idea of the kingdom of God.'

Children under 10 are to be made as familiar as possible with the land and the people; those between 10 and 14, with the rise and growth of institutions; and those between 14 and 18 with social, ceremonial, and spiritual religion.

Whether this scheme will result in that intimate acquaintance with the actual words of the Bible that so many persons desiderate will depend upon teachers. The possible objection that education should begin with the study of our own civilisation is in a measure anticipated in the general remarks, where we read 'It would be

advantageous to relate the Biblical Literature to other sacred Literatures, and to illustrate the lesson by instances drawn from modern life and literature.'

The Manchester District Sunday School Association has long been an educational society. When examinations found favour, and pupils were willing to have the accuracy of their knowledge tested, both as to facts and the understanding of tendencies, it did a great work; but it is hardly open to question that it never issued a better syllabus of subjects than the present. The Association is to be congratulated on having found so able a scholar as Dr. Griffiths to outline such a capital scheme.

* * *

Four Useful Books.—Lay preaching no doubt claims the services of some of our readers from time to time. It will be worth their while if they do not already know the books to get copies of *Rabbi, Messiah, and Martyr* (Rix), *Jesus of Nazareth* (Giran), *Sources of our Knowledge of the Life of Jesus* (Wernle); then, to go with these as a help in the effort to turn knowledge to practical use in preaching, the volume of sermons entitled *Courage and Cheer*, by the late Dr. Brooke Herford.

* * *

Directions for a Reading Club.—

I. Number the paragraphs, 1, 2, 3, etc.

II. Read through the chapter. Then with a pencil mark—

1. Passages, allusions you don't understand, with .. ?
2. The passage which you are most in sympathy with,—like best, with .. *Good!*
3. The passage which strikes you as finest in thought or expression, with .. *
4. Any passages with which you don't agree, with .. *No.*

III. Read the chapter a second time, and write one or two—not more—sentences in which you tell what it is all about.

* * *

At the Heart of Things.—It may not be amiss to read along with Mr. Wright's article 'Anniversary Preaching' the following, sent by a young minister to a younger minister, neither of whom have ever been in such demand as special preachers as Mr. Wright has.

An Address to parents and Teachers, and your own best thought and ideals in regard to Sunday school work, home influences, and so forth, is the general line I should suggest. I think also that 'The Influence of Elder Scholars upon Younger Ones' is a line of thought that might be very valuable in our school. I believe Arnold of Rugby invented the idea of making the Sixth Form Boys feel responsible for setting the tone of the whole school and giving manly example to the youngsters; and that this invention proved a great stimulus to all, as the elder boys had really *more* influence than the masters in forming the ideals that the youngsters copied.

I say this, as you ask me for suggestions suitable to my school; well, I wish the elder scholars thought it a matter of honour to be the leaders and teachers of the higher Sunday school tone, regularity of attendance, punctuality, manners, the honour of the school, and zeal for religious scholarship! To be leaders and teachers and inspirers of all the youngsters that look up to them and would (and always do) imitate them! Many elder scholars will be present at the services. But, choose your own subjects and just take this as a description of some of our *needs*.

After all, it does seem as though ministers really cared!

* * *

Therefore.—It is customary in some, if not all, of our American Sunday schools for all present to recite the following together. Perhaps the plan may have been adopted in the British Isles.

I believe in the Fatherhood of God.
Therefore, I have no fear, but go about my daily work in trustfulness and gladness of heart.

I believe in the Brotherhood of Man.
Therefore, I love my fellow-men, and act with good will toward all.

I believe in the Leadership of Jesus.
Therefore, I follow him.

I believe in Salvation by Character.
Therefore, I keep my heart pure, and my thoughts set upon high things, that I may grow into the life divine.

I believe in the Progress of Mankind, onward and upward forever.
Therefore, the cares of this world cannot utterly weigh me down. The glory of the unseen is ever before me. I live not for this world only, but in anticipation of an infinite future.

* * *

How to Speak in Public.—

I. Years of practice.

II. Constant use of pen.
Write sermons or something else, with dictionary of synonyms at hand, with careful weighing and studying of words and sentences, with careful rewriting, elision of all repetitions, rewriting of sentences with an endeavour to improve their form, clearness, compactness, rhythm, and cadence.

III. Some reading of the best writers—thoughts and modes of expression. Careful study of literary forms, of musical cadence, of method, of emphasis; in brief, of the aesthetics of language.

IV. In special preparation, five successive steps.
(1) What is the object of this speech?
What end is it to serve?
What verdict is it to win?
What result is it to accomplish?
(2) *Central thought.* What thought lodged in the mind of an auditor will best accomplish the result desired?
(3) *Analysis* of this thought into three or four central propositions, the enforcement and illustration of which will serve to fasten in the minds of the hearers the central thought and so to secure the desired result.
(4) Some illustrations or concrete statements of each one of these separate propositions.

(5) These four points firmly fixed in the mind; then an endeavour on these lines of thought to win this result with this audience exactly as one would endeavour to win assent from an individual. Style: conversational, rising into the oratorical only as the excitement of the occasion and the attention of the audience produces spontaneously the change.

NOTE.—The preparation of such an address will take quite as much time as the preparation of a manuscript. The subject needs to be more thoroughly prepared. There must be more to say than there is time at command; and thus the feeling of the necessity to condense and compact.

* * *

A MANUAL OF MORAL INSTRUCTION, by J. Reid, M.A., will prove helpful to all thoughtful teachers. It is based on the Syllabus of the Moral Instruction League. There are lessons on thirty subjects—Courage, Purity, Courtesy, Patriotism, Conscience, Ideals, and the like. Each lesson is given three times: first for children between the ages of 7 and 9; second, ages 9 and 11; third, 11 and 13. A comparison of the three lessons on any one of the subjects will show how much more the trained teacher expects of his pupils than the ordinary Sunday school teacher dreams of. Here is one of the weaknesses of Sunday school teaching. There is not enough demand made upon the pupil. If our readers doubt this let them go into a Council school and note the bright faces of boys or girls whom they only know as dull and lethargic, or mischievous and inattentive. The explanation is the absence from many Sunday school lessons of anything stirring, lively, real, to claim the whole attention of the pupil. Mr. Reid's book will help to remove this difficulty. Publishers: Thomas Nelson & Sons.

* * *

A SYMPATHY FUND has been in existence at Peckham for the last three years. The amount collected averages sixpence a Sunday, and the scholars, as they leave the school at the end of the afternoon, give their offerings into the charge of one of the elder boys, who stands at the door with a box. Toys, books, flowers, fruit, are sent to sick scholars; and in addition there have been such payments as these:—half fees of a drawing class for a boy who wished to attend but could not find the money; a doctor's fees for attending a little girl; the price of a pair of boots for one who wanted them badly; and a donation to 'Aunt Amy's Cot.' This sort of thing is within the power of the smallest school.

* * *

DIFFICULT.—Two young ministers, anxious to secure the good offices of a vivacious young lady in a matter that required skilful handling, went up to her as she sat for one brief moment alone at a delightful social function.

'We are a deputation,' they said. The young lady drew herself up and declared, with determination, before ever they could prefer their request, 'No; most certainly not! I will not be a Sunday school teacher.' But she was quite ready to do what they wished.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY of America has been holding its annual meeting at the historic King's Chapel, Boston. From some of the addresses and speeches we cull the following.

The President, Rev. E. A. Horton, D.D.:

The old-time depreciation of Sunday school work is passing away. The idle laugh as to its value, and the smiling comment on its teachers have ceased to have point.

The breadth of the whole field has enlarged. We must plough deeper than ever, and plant for a larger harvest. What was once done on the surface is now to be ingrained.

The subject of religious education is supreme. There is no substitute that I can see for the Sunday school department of church life. The chief thing is to aim for a more intelligent kind of teaching, so that scholars will understand that their minds are called upon for action.

In our judgment the Old and New Testaments with their sixty-six books of strongly different elements will continue indefinitely to be the great text-book in religious education.

It is hopeless to expect a successful Sunday school when parents are not co-workers, when they do not properly estimate what Sunday school training means for their children.

The tendency now is to demand that those preparing for the ministry shall have some education for the assumption of leadership in religious education.

Our watchwords at the present time—Conference, Co-operation, Conviction.

Wherever Sunday school workers have the idea that they are in a great work and must do it, we can always trace admirable achievements.

Rev. John Coleman Adams, D.D.:

The saying that one former is worth twenty reformers is true.

The teacher sets the example for an eager, active mind.

The child's mind will not lie fallow. If the Fatherhood of God is not taught at home, the fear of hell enters from without, and conceptions of race divisions with suggestions about the sheeny and the dago will take the place of the thought of the Brotherhood of Man.

The greatest power of the teacher comes through the power of the truth he teaches.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes:

Character, like happiness, is alway a by-product—an end reached only 'by what was aimed above it.' If we try simply to make ourselves pure, it cannot be done, for one must lose his life to find it.

Dr. F. W. Hamilton, President of Tufts College:

The Sunday school has been an inspirational force in training for righteousness without realising any of its educational possibilities whatever.

Rev. John C. Jaynes:

The special Sunday school need of to-day is the interest of the parent.

The school should not beg for co-operation, but in the name of humanity it should demand respect and interest, which is conviction in motion.

We should lead a crusade to awaken parents from their indifference.